CARNEGIE LIBRARY
STATE COLLEGE
PENNA.

The Carnegie Library

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1915. Vol. 46 No. 40

REPORTS FROM COUNTY ENTHUSE REPUBLICANS

Feeling General That Entire County Ticket Will Win.

PREPARING FOR 1916

Republicans Prepare for Electing National Administration Next Year by Returning Decisive Majority for Ticket on Nov. 2d.

Reports from all sections of Centre County reveal an aroused Republican spirit, which to the minds of impartial observers clearly foreshadows a Republican victory by a decisive majority at the polls on November 2d. This spirit of optimism among Republicans apparently is not confined to any one section more than another, but is general and outspoken. With election day less than three weeks distant sentiment is crystallizing rapidly and the prevailing belief, particularly among Republicans, is that this is a Republican year.

Many Republicans are taking a lively personal interest in the outcome of this year's campaign not only because they want to see the party ticket triumph but because they realize that victory in 1915 means a good beginning by way of preparing for the national campaign in 1916. Everywhere, apparently, there is manifest a desire to aid in restoring business to the scale of prosperity that prevails when the Republican party is in control in the White House and in Congress. Many honestly believe that prosperity cannot be restored until there is a change in administrations at Washington and Centre County Republicans are getting ready to do their part, this year and next, to bring this about.

On the Republican side in the county the best of feeling and good will prevails in the party ranks and the campaign slogan is: "Pull together". The county ticket as nominated is proving to be immensely popular and the public, regardless of party affiliation, is looking upon the Republican nominees as a group of men especially well qualified to administer the affairs of the county. George H. Yarnell, Republican nominee for Sheriff, entered the campaign as a strong candidate and it is generally conceded that he is gaining new strength with each day. Many believe that the result is merely one of the size of his majority, at the same time they are not allowing this spirit of confidence to lull them into the mistake of lessening their activity in Mr. Yarnell's behalf. In appreciation of his worth as a candidate, and also to evidence their admiration for the graceful manner in which he accepted his defeat of four years ago, Republicans every where over the county are endeavoring to give him as big a majority as possible.

The intense feeling which attended the primary campaign for County Treasurer has resolved itself into a united, harmonious movement behind the nominee, David Chambers, and none are more earnest and outspoken in advancing his cause than A. H. Hartswick, of State College, and his legion of friends. Mr. Hartswick's coat is off for Chambers and the whole Republican ticket. During the week Mr. Hartswick filed his withdrawal as the Washington party nominee. He plans taking a day or two off while bagging the limit of wild turkeys allowed by law, and then he will "go to it" for Chambers and the whole ticket in his characteristic vigorous fashion. Other friends of Chambers throughout the county are on the firing line and they confidently look for his election by a handsome majority. Over-confidence apparently is not to be allowed to figure in the movement and the watchword is to get every man to the polls to vote the straight Republican ticket.

For District Attorney James C. Furst is making an active canvass and his election is confidently predicted.

The same enthusiastic activity marks the efforts being put forth in behalf of Ira Burket for Prothonotary, for Frank Sasserman for Register, for William H. Brown for Recorder, as well as for Isaac Miller and Harry Austin for County Commissioners and Clem Gramley and Ralph Hartsock for County Auditors. Every man in the group is personally strong, every man is hustling among the voters, and best of all every man is receiving the very finest of news in theshape of assurances of support at the polls. From top to bottom of the ticket the candidates are out to win and every man will be on the job until the polls close. They are confident of winning because they know they have the people with them.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 in advance.

INDIANS AS GUESTS

Col Henry W. Shoemaker to have Them Camp at McElhattan Springs.

A most novel and picturesque scene will be enacted next summer at McElhattan Springs, the summer home of Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker. Upon Colonel Shoemaker's invitation a number of famous old Indian chiefs will camp there as his guests. Their ancestors once camped on the same site.

The Indian chiefs are from the Cornplanter reservation in Warren County. They are for the most part members of the Seneca tribe. Among the number who will be guests of Colonel Shoemaker are Owen Jacobs, who is the grandson of Cornplanter and the great-grandson of Captain Jacobs, the defender of Kittanning. Another chief will be Jesse Logan, now 107 years old. He is the great-grandson of Shikellemy, of immortal fame, and grandson of Captain John Logan, dashing Cayuga warrior. Colonel Shoemaker has erected a handsome monument at McElhattan Springs to the memory of Captain Logan.

When the Indian chiefs assemble in camp they will wear the typical reservation costume. A number of squaws will be in the party. Plans for the camp have been discussed during the last few days by Colonel Shoemaker and Dr. Jacobs, who is "big medicine man" in his tribe and who is a guest at "Restless Oaks", Colonel Shoemaker's summer home at McElhattan Springs.

Some time ago Colonel Shoemaker was royally entertained by the Indians while on a visit to the Cornplanter reservation. An elaborate feast and also an entertainment were given in his honor.

To Colonel Shoemaker the public owes a debt of gratitude for his untiring efforts to preserve the old-time legends and tales of mountains and streams of Central Pennsylvania. The several volumes he has published will stand as a monument to his memory and the conspicuous part he has played in assembling and preserving so many beautiful tales of fact and fiction liking the present to the past and enabling those of the present generations to breathe the atmosphere and feel the unrestrained freedom of the days of long ago.

Finds Underground Stream.

Sheriff Lee is building for himself a very handsome home at Spring Mills, which he expects to occupy when his term of office expires here in January. Recently he put a crew of men to work digging a well in the rear of his new home. One day this week when the men had the well down a distance of about twenty-five feet they suddenly found themselves upon an underground stream of water. Sheriff Lee was rather puzzled at first and had the men install a small pump, fully expecting that it would be an easy matter to draw off the water. This failing to make any impression he secured from John Knisely a pump handling a four-inch stream. This was also installed and worked steadily all day. The result was the same as with the smaller pump. The flow of water was as strong and steady in the evening as was the case before the pumps were applied. Sheriff Lee says the water is of the finest quality.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Wm. H. Vonada, Mae C. Harter,	Marion Twp. Liberty "
Victor T. Stover, Ottie C. Harter,	Aaronsburg Coburn
Chas. M. Ulrich, Helen C Hetzel,	Spring Mills Aaronsburg
Earl L. Nearhoof, Lorena H. Stevens,	Warriorsmark "
August J. Brandt, Mary Newman,	Munson Greenwood
Malcolm Macfarlane, Mildred P. Duncan,	Philipsburg "

Boston Wins Championship.

Boston won the world's championship baseball series from Philadelphia, taking four games to Philadelphia's one. Philadelphia won the opening game, 3—1. Boston took all the rest, by these scores: 2—1, 2—1, 2—1 5—4. The players on the two clubs shared in the receipts of the first four games. Each player will receive upward of $2,000.

Season for Wild Turkeys.

The season for wild turkeys opens tomorrow and many hunters are planning an early start for the mountains. There has been no open season for wild turkeys for some time past and sportsmen anticipate big success. Turkeys are reported to be quite plentiful in many sections.

"Young People and Friends."

The third sermon in the Young Peoples series by Rev. W. M. B. Glanding will be delivered in St. John's Lutheran church next Sunday evening at 7.30 o'clock, with the topic, "Young People and their Friends." The subject of the morning sermon at 10.45 o'clock will be, "Besetting Sins."

JOHNSTON QUITS RACE FOR THE JUDGESHIP

Says He Lacked United Support of Temperance Forces.

HIS ACTION A SURPRISE

Withdrew from Field Week After Announcing Independent Candidacy—Explanatory Statement Issued by Rev. W. F. Carson.

J. Kennedy Johnston on Tuesday announced his withdrawal as an independent candidate for Judge, after having been in the field as such but one week. A lack of necessary personal, moral and financial support from the temperance and church people generally prompted him to quit the race. Mr. Johnston addressed the following letter to this newspaper:—

Bellefonte, Pa. Oct. 12, 1915.

DEAR EDITOR:—One week ago I accepted the call of the Centre County Temperance League in pursuance to their action taken prior and subsequent to the Primaries to be an independent candidate for the office of judge; this action on my part was taken in good faith and I considered it to be the only honorable thing for me to do.

My mind has not been changed one iota as to what I consider for the best interests of our people, but owing to the inactivity of those who were presumed to assist in the campaign in various ways as well as the lack of unity of purpose of our church people I deem it advisable to withdraw from the contest which I hereby do, as I do not feel warranted in attempting to carry the burdens without a hearty co-operation.

My action hereby taken does not lessen my high appreciation of the worth and stability of those who supported me for personal reasons as well as those who stood by me manfully on account of their convictions for the principle of temperance, and to each assistant I hereby extend my heartfelt thanks for your interest in me and the cause that we endeavor to represent.

Respectfully submitted,
J. KENNEDY JOHNSTON.

Accompanying Mr. Johnston's letter was the following self-explanatory statement from Rev. Walter Fay Carson:—

Mr. Johnston's withdrawal from the contest as a candidate for judge needs no defence; even his political opponents concede this. It remains only for me therefore to make it known that his most ardent supporters, without exception, feel fully warranted in releasing him from further obligation to remain in the race.

It is of course very obvious that the emotions of his opponents and supporters are of an entirely different character.

Personally I feel that we have on the one hand exacted too much from Mr. Johnston and on the other conceded too much to the opposition. However, I am aware that I am qualified to speak only for myself and must therefore content myself in regretting the unfruitful campaign which finally resulted in Mr. Johnston's withdrawal,

Yours very truly,
WALTER FAY CARSON.

Two Automobiles Collide.

Two automobiles traveling at a lively pace collided near Zion Sunday afternoon and both were badly damaged. One was a Hupmobile runabout and the other an Overland touring car. The latter was owned by a man named Stevenson, from Flat Rock. The other car was owned by a man from Lock Haven. The runabout was about to pass a touring car, both traveling in the same direction, when the Overland car, moving in the opposite direction, also swung to the side of the road to pass. The Hupmobile and the Overland came together head-on with a crash, One wheel was ripped off the runabout, the front axle was badly bent and the engine put out of commission. The Overland car also was jammed so badly that it will be in the repair shop for some time to come. Fortunately the occupants of neither car were injured. The runabou was towed to Bellefonte Sunday evening and the Overland on Monday.

Mr. Patton Honored.

Hon. Charles E. Pattop, of Curwensville, predecessor to Congressman C. H. Rowland, of Philipsburg, has just been appointed Secretary of Agriculture of the state of Pennsylvania, succeeding Dr. Critchfield. The appointment was made by Governor Brumbaugh on Thursday of last week, and carries a salary of $5,000 a year.

PLAN BUSY TIME AT TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

Sixty-Ninth Annual Session November 8 to 12.

MEET AT PHILIPSBURG

Strong Program of Lectures and Entertainments Scheduled by County Superintendent Etters—Special Train for Teachers.

Plans for the sixty-ninth annual teachers institute of Centre County, to be held at Philipsburg November 8th to 12th, are rapidly rounding into shape. County Superintendent Etters has his program of events well mapped out and everything points to a most successful gathering of the teachers.

In preparing for this year's institute Superintendent Etters has the co-operation of F. Milford Pletcher, the recently appointed assistant superintendent. The secretary of the institute will be T. A. Auman. T. H. Moore and E. H. Williams have been appointed door-keepers. J. N. Moyer and H. F. Whiting will serve as enrolling clerks. The ushers will be F. W. Dillen, W. Scott Holter, J. C. Fox and W. C. Thompson. C. O. Frank will be ticket agent.

The corps of instructors is particularly strong. They include Dr. Fred L. Keeler superintendent of public instruction of the State of Michigan; Dr. Henry G. Williams, superintendent of normal schools of the State of Onio; Dr. Thomas C. Blaisdell, dean of the school of liberal arts at the Penna. State College; Professor Charles Lose, principal of the Central State Normal School at Lock Haven; Professor Thomas I. Mairs, professor of agricultural education at the Penna. State College, and Superintendent James G. Pentz, State high school inspector, of Harrisburg. Professor J. S. F. Ruthrauff, of Philipsburg, will be director of music, with Miss Elizabeth H. Dorworth, of Bellefonte, as pianist.

The schedule of evening entertainments is especially attractive. Monday evening, November 8th, Miss Margaret Stahl will render, "The Unseen Empire", said to be the greatest peace play yet written. Tuesday evening there will be an entertainment without a subject. The entertainer will be Ralph Bingham. Superintendent Etters promises that this will prove to be a "Joy Night", and the prediction is heartily indorsed by the writer, who enjoys a personal acquaintance with Mr. Bingham covering a period of fifteen years and who can testify to the fact that the inimitable Ralph is the surest cure for the blues to be found anywhere. Wednesday evening James A. Burns, president of Oneida Institute, Oneida, Kentucky, will lecture on "Conservation of Life in the Kentucky Mountains." Thursday evening there will be a concert by the famous Hampton Court Singers, which means a rare treat for all.

Consideration will be given during institute of the idea of having Centre County represented with a team in series of debating contests arranged for last week at a meeting at Harrisburg at which there was organized the Central Pennsylvania Debating League. Centre County has been included in the league and it is the hope of Superintendent Etters that sufficient interest will be manifested to bring about the organization of a strong debating team among the teachers.

The train schedule to Philipsburg is of considerable interest to teachers. Those from Penns, Nittany and Buffalo Run valleys, centering at Bellefonte, will leave the latter place at 9.15 on the morning of November 8th, by the regular train west over the Bald Eagle valley, reaching Tyrone at 10.25. A special train will leave Tyrone for Philipsburg at 10.30, and all teachers who can possibly do so are urged to use this special train since it was necessary to guarantee its cost to secure the service. Teachers are urged not to go to Philipsburg on Saturday but wait until Monday morning and use the special train. On Friday, November 12th, a special train will leave Philipsburg for Tyrone, stopping at Osceola and Sandy Ridge, and connecting with the 12 25 train east on the Bald Eagle valley, reaching Bellefonte at 1.23.

At Garman's Opera House, Tonight.

Thursday night, Friday night and Saturday night, October 14, 15 and 16, The Little Miss Princess Co. in musical comedy. Don't miss it. Prices, 10, 20 and 30c.

Mr. Hicklen Withdraws.

C. K. Hicklen, who was nominated on the Washington ticket for borough auditor, this week filed his withdrawal.

T. C. RUMBERGER DEAD

Prominent Citizen of Philipsburg Expired Suddenly Last Sunday.

Thaddeus C. Rumberger, a well known and highly esteemed resident of Philipsburg, died suddenly last Sunday afternoon while on a visit to the home of his sister, Mrs. Sarah Tibbens, in Buffalo Run valley. With his daughters, Miss Ruth Rumberger, and Mrs. Josiah Pritchard, and also Mr. Pritchard, he motored Sunday morning to Unionville, where he spent several very delightful hours with his brother, G. W. Rumberger. Later in the day the party went to the Tibbens home. While there Mr. Rumberger stepped out of the house to stroll about the yard. When he failed to return the family started out to find him and a momedt or so later they came across his lifeless body. Death apparently had come upon him suddenly. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the late home in Philipsburg, the services at the grave being in charge of John W. Geary Post, No. 90, G. A. R., of which he was a member.

The deceased was born at Centre Line, May 2, 1839, making his age 76 years, 5 months and 8 days. He was married in 1869 to Clara F. Bush, of Buffalo Run, who survives, together with one son and five daughters, viz: John B. and Ella, wife of Josiah Pritchard, of Philipsburg; Miriam, wife of William Russ, of Harrisburg; Kate, wife of Blaine Stine, of Osceola; Louise, wife of William McFeeters, of Pittsburg, and Miss Ruth at home. He also leaves one brother, George W. Rumberger, of Unionville, and one sister, Mrs. Sarah Tibbens, nea Bellefonte. He was a member of the Presbyterian church. He served his country faithfully in the civil war for a period of about three years. He enlisted from Centre county on August 27th, 1862 and was mustered into service at Harrisburg, Pa., for a term of three years or during the war, in Company C, 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, under Col. James A. Beaver and Captain Robert Foster. The Regiment was assigned to the First Brigade, Second Division. Second Corps, Army of the Potomac. He participated with his Regiment in the following movements and engagements: Chancellorsville, May 1-4, '63; Gettysburg, July 1-4, '63; Bristoe Station, October 14, '63; Mine Run campaign, Nov. 26-28, '63; Wilderness, May 5-7, '64; Po River, May 10, '64; Spotsylvania, May 12-20, '64; Cold Harbor, June 1-12, '64, and afterwards in front of Petersburg, Va., Farmville, Sailor's Creek and Appomattox. He was honorably discharged on June 3, 1865, on account of the close of the war.

J. W. FRY DEAD

Prominent and Highly Esteemed Resident of Pine Grove.

John Wilson Fry, a prominent resident of Pine Grove Mills, passed away Tuesday morning at 4.30 o'clock from a complication of diseases. The immediate cause of death was heart trouble. The news of his passing away occasioned heartfelt sorrow among a wide circle of warm, admiring friends. He was a son of Captain William H. Fry and was born November 18th, 1865. His life was that of a farmer and stockman. He apent his life in the vicinity of his birthplace and was regarded as one of the substantial citizens of that section of the county. He was a loyal Odd Fellow and a member of the Lutheran church, serving at one time or another as a deacon and trustee. Politically he was a Democrat and his name was but recently placed on the ticket for election inspector in his home township. He was closely associated with the younger generation, who with a legion of other friends deeply deplore his sudden and untimely death and extend profound sympathy to the bereaved family circle, especially to his widow, who was formerly Miss Anna Fortney. Surviving also are the following brothers and sisters of his father's family: Mrs. C. M. Dale, of State College Mrs. J. F. Kimport, of Boalsburg; Mrs. T. A. Mallory and C. M. Fry, of Altoona; Mrs. W. K. Goss, of Tyrone; W. H. Fry of Tacoma, Washiugton State; Dr. H. L. Fry, of Tennessee, and Mack and Fred, of Pine Grove Mills.

Funeral services will be held Friday morning at 10 o'clock, with interment in the Pine Grove cemetery. Rev. W. H. Frank, of State College, will officiate, together with Rev. C. T. Aiken and Rev. L. S. Spangler.

John Q. A. Kennedy Dead.

John Q. A. Kennedy, a well known resident of Centre Hall dropped dead Sunday morning in the yard of his home. Heart failure was the cause. He was well advanced in years and was highly esteemed and respected in the section in which he lived. He was the father of Mrs. Thad Bartholomew, and a cousin of R. Boyd Glenn, both of Altoona. The funeral was held Wednesday, interment at Centre Hall.

OPPOSED TO CHANGING RURAL ROUTE CENTER

Postmaster Foster Wants it at State College.

NOW ESTABLISHED HERE

Rural Patrons Fear Changing Starting Point for Routes to State College Would Seriously Delay Deliveries of Western Mail.

Business men and citizens generally in Bellefonte, and also persons residing nearby town, are considerable exercised over a movement under way to have rural mail delivery routes which now start from Bellefonte changed to start from the State College postoffice. It is said that the plan is being advocated by Postmaster Robert M. Foster, of State College. If successful it would revolutionize the rural mail delivey system and, many rural patrons fear, would work to their disadvantage and inconvenience.

Under present conditions mail arriving Bellefonte on all trains up to 10 o'clock in the morning goes out with the carriers on their morning deliveries. Should the starting of rural routes be changed from Bellefonte to State College there could be no morning delivery of western mail. Eastern mail, alone, could be handled. Mails would be dependent entirely on the Lewisburg train. Newspapers published today would be delivered on the afternoon of the following day, or later.

There is some talk of rural delivery patrons residing in nearby sections filing a formal protest against the proposed change with the Post Office Department at Washington.

Father and Son Injured.

William Rhinesmith and his son, Samuel, were painfully injured in an accident on Friday afternoon of last week. They were engaged in moving a large iron pump in R. B. Taylor's warehouse, nearby the Atlantic Refining Co. building. In some manner the pump became slightly overbalanced and before this could be adjusted the heavy piece toppled over. Mr. Rhinesmith and his son were directly in the path of the falling pump and were pinned to the ground. Samuel Rhinesmith was the more seriously injured of the two. The pump fell against his back, inflicting an ugly cut and severe bruises. His father had one leg badly bruised. Fortunately neither suffered any broken bones. Considering that the pump weighed between four and five tons their escape seems almost miraculous.

Miss Rhoads Injured.

Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads was painfully injured in an automobile accident nearby town last Saturday morning. With Richard Weston at the wheel she was in her new Premier touring car for a short test run before starting for Indiana, where, with Mrs. R. L. Weston, they expected to visit the latter's daughter, Miss Eleanor. At the lime stone quarry operated by Charles A. Morris the automobile crashed into several loaded stone cars, attached to a dinkey engine. Miss Rhoads was thrown out of the machine and was injured about the mouth and face. Richard Weston was bruised on the chest. The Rhoads automobile was pretty badly damaged, but considering the character of the accident the wonder is that the occupants of the car escaped with no broken bones or possibly even more serious injuries.

Car of Brick by Express.

The Penna. Fire Brick Co., of Beech Creek, last Sunday shipped a car load of fire brick to Hopewell, City Point, Virginia, consigned to J. B. Jackson, of that place. The express charges exceeded $350. Seventeen thousand fire bricks were packed in a special express car. Mr. Jackson insisted that the shipment be made by express in order that the brick might be on hand promptly for use in building furnances used in the manufacture of war munitions by the Du Pont Powder Co. Almost over night that company has converted the town of Hopewell into a thriving, prosperous city by greatly enlarging the plant to handle orders for war munitions.

Weekly Weather Forecast.

For the week beginning Wednesday, October 13, for Middle Atlantic States.—Partly cloudy and moderately warm weather Wednesday will be followed by unsettled conditions Thursday and possibly by local rains. After Thursday generally fair weather may be expected, with moderate temperatures.

WILSON TO WED SOON

President's Marriage Said to Be Scheduled for Late in November.

Washington despatches say that in official circles at the capital the wedding of President Wilson and Mrs. Norman Galt will likely be solemnized late in November. Washington is looking forward to a gay social season following the nuptial event.

Last Saturday President Wilson and Mrs. Galt attended the Philadelphia Boston baseball game, in Philadelphia, this being the second game in the world's championship series. President Wilson tossed out the first ball. He rooted for both teams, so that nearby spectators were unable to tell whether he was sorry or glad when Philadelphia went down to defeat.

Returning to Washington President Wilson deported himself Sunday night according to the rules long established for chivalrous men who are engaged to be married. He passed the evening with his finance at her home in Twentieth street, near duPont Circle.

Mr. Wilson, who was Mrs. Galt's guest at supper, walked from the White House to her residence to fill the appointment. He started alone about fifteen minutes after six o'clock, unannounced to the Secret Service guards, who scampered after him as he strolled down the cement walk to the north driveway of the White House yards.

Few persons recognized the President as he went along with the Secret Service operatives close behind towards the home of his fiance, which is a distance of about ten squares from the White House. It was just turning dark and the street lamps had been lighted. He walked briskly, for the air was cool.

He reached the Galt residence fifteen minutes later, and the Secret Service squad went back to the White House.

The President and Mrs. Galt, motored to Baltimore during the day to visit the President's brother, Joseph R. Wilson, who had not before met the next mistress of the White House. While there they attended church and were the guests of honor at a family luncheon party.

Several hundred persons in Baltimore learned of the presence of the couple and crowded about the church and the apartment house in which Joseph R. Wilson lives to catch a glimpse of the President and his bride-to-be. Because it was Sunday the applause of Friday and Saturday in New York and Philadelphia was missing, but the people voiced their approval of the President's choice in audible comments.

Mrs. Galt wore a beautiful blue taffeta gown, a black velvet hat trimmed with fur, champagne colored gloves and a short face veil, and smiled happily at the crowd. The President, too, smiled continually. On the third finger of her left hand Mrs. Galt wore the diamond engagement ring given her by the President in New York. It had been reported that the platinum ring was set with only a solitaire diamond, but today it was noticed that it also had several smaller diamonds in the narrow gold band.

Freshmen Live in Shack.

Short on money, but long on grit, Frank L. La Chapelle and Roland B. McDuff, young boys from Cambridge Springs, Crawford county, Pa., who are in the freshman class at the Pennsylvania State College, are building their own college "dormitory" in which they will live during the next four years. They are constructing a small cabin in the woods on the outskirts of the village, half a mile from the campus.

Unassisted, they are erecting the cabin from pieces of material picked up here and there. They are slowly getting the place in shape before the cold weather sets in, but so far they have been able to work only two or three hours a day. Studies and military drill keep them busy until late in the afternoon, and from 5 o'clock until sundown they toil with odds and ends of lumber and rolls of building paper.

La Chapelle, who is 20 years old, and who was graduated with McDuff, 18 years old, from Cambridge Springs High School last June, is the designer and boss carpenter. He knows something of carpentering, and with McDuff's assistance is fashioning a two-room structure, the dimensions of which are 12 x 19 feet.

La Chapelle is studying mechanical engineering, while McDuff has fixed upon scientific agriculture for his life's work. Neither had sufficient funds to finance his college course, so they figured that by building their own quarters and doing their own cooking they could reduce expenses to a minimum.

Health Service at State.

The Pennsylvania State College has established a Health Service to care for the large body of students now in attendance at the institution. It is under the supervision of Dr. Warren E. Forsythe, recently of the University of Michigan. Consultation, office treatment and simple medicines are given free at the dispensary to both men and women students. Patients occupying a room in either the hospital or the infirmary are charged a reasonable price for board, nurse's care and physician's attendance. Students may summon the college physician to their rooms and are charged fifty cents by day, or one dollar by night for every call.

The Republican, $1.50 a year.

GREETED GOVERNOR

Distinguished Visitors Guests at State College and Penitentiary.

Governor Brumbaugh and his colleagues were cordially greeted on their visit to Centre County last Thursday. Two stops were made in the county one at State College, and the other at the new penitentiary. At neither place did the Governor's party tarry long. In fact, there wasn't much delay by the tourists at any stage of the journey through the county.

At State College Governor Brumbaugh was given a mighty cheer by two thousand students. He did not attempt to make a speech, but called on Cyrus E. Woods, Secretary of the Commonwealth. The latter spoke briefly but in a happy vein.

Supper was served at the new penitentiary about 4 o'clock. E. J. Stackpole, of Harrisburg, voiced the sentiments of the visiting party when at the conclusion of the meal he suggested a vote of thanks.

The party went to Williamsport early Thursday evening. No stop over was made in Bellefonte.

A Factor In Health.

Upon the health of the generations to come depends the prosperity of the Nation, says State Health Commissioner Dixon. Nature made us rich with coal, oil, lumber and fertile lands. These natural resources are fast becoming exhausted. We have spent our principle as if it was income and the time is approaching when we must live on those things which we produce by labor.

As the economic struggle becomes keener the strain upon the individual grows greater. The rapid development of our cities and the concentration of population in surroundings which are in many ways detrimental to health and which deviate so materially from those natural conditiuns for which man is accustomed by Nature, have a weakening tendency.

The closely built up portions of our cities prevent the free movement of fresh air. The conditions of employment are largely affected and there is a tendency away from the natural methods of life which make for good health. To keep where we now stand in the scale of industry and morals, we must work for the proper housing and amusement of the workers.

As transportation made cities possible, so it must be and is being developed to carry the people into the suburbs at small cost. Here city workers' families may have individual homes with fresh air and they can raise a few vegetables and flowers. The germinating seeds, the development of plants, the eternal miracle of nature's reproductive powers, offers wholesome occupation of interest to most men and women. As an amusement it is as much fun as playing golf and tennis and at the same time brings an income instead of being an expense. It may not be fashionable, but it has a deep appeal to the majority of mankind

Union Co. Fair.

Due to the fact that the Union County Agricultural Society will hold its annual exhibit this year in October, at the close of the circuit of fairs in this section, there will be an unusually large number of fakirs, shows and exhibitors on the grounds. Already large numbers have asked for privileges on the grounds and these requests are being attended to as rapidly as possible.

From the present rate at which requests for space on the grounds are arriving the Midway will be a veritable hive of business on the four days of October—19, 20, 21 and 22. In the various buildings the exhibitions will exceed those of former years in many respects.

The races this year promise to be one of the biggest features of the fair and in addition to the regular racing program arranged by the fair association there will be a "colt" race in which horses of three years of age will race. The liberal purse offered for this race will no doubt insure a large field of entries.

The Clutter of City Fire Escapes.

In the September American Magazine John A. Moroso writes a splendid story about New York City firemen. In the course of the story Mr. Moroso describes in part as follows the cluttered condition of fire escapes in the crowded east side of New York:

"When the spring comes there ain't an inch of space on the fire escapes, what for the soap box box refrigerators and the ambition of each signora to have a prettier swing garden than her neighbor.

"I've seen red geraniums growing in little pots on Elizabeth Street's fire escapes that were so bright and big that you would stop and look twice, thinking the window casings were ablaze. It is easy enough to imagine about fifty men, women and children on each of six floors trying to get to the sidewalk through boxes of spaghetti, cans of conservo, top-heavy geraniums, bottles of milk, and pehaps the baggage of the latest arrival from Italy pushed through the window to make room for the new citizen during the night."

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (25c per box) act mildly on the liver and bowels. A all drug stores.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

HELP THE KIDNEYS

Bellefonte Readers Are Learning The Way.

It's the little kidney ills—
The lame, weak or aching back—
The unnoticed urinary disorders—
That may lead to dropsy and Bright's disease.

When the kidneys are weak.
Help them with Doan's Kidney Pills.
A remedy especially for weak kidneys.
Doan's have been used in kidney troubles for 50 years.

Endorsed by 30,000 people—endorsed at home.

Proof in a Bellefonte citizen's statement.

Mrs H. I. Taylor, 72 S. Water St., Bellefonte, says: "We think as highly of Doan's Kidney Pills now as we did some years ago when we publicly recommended them. They brought relief from backache and kidney trouble. On several occasions since then we have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and they have always been of the greatest benefit. We recommend them to other kidney sufferers at every opportunity."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Taylor twice recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Julia C. Gray to Arthur L. Eno, tract in College Twp.; $4,000.

Claude Cook, et ux, to John Boyce, tract in College Twp.; $500.

Roy R. Askey, et ux, to John Boyce, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $350.

William P. Humes, et al, to John Boyce, tract in State College Boro.; $750.

William P. Humes, et al, to John Boyce, tract in State College Boro.; $750.

John Boyce to John H. Glasmyer, tract in State College Boro.; $1,500.

E. P. Barton, et al, to Laura S. Kephart, two tracts in Unionville Boro.; $150.

D. K. Keller, et al, to Wm. M. Allison, Trustee, tract in Centre Hall Boro.; $1.

Heirs of Francis Alexander, decd, to Samuel Durst, tract in Potter Twp.; $5,600.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company to John D. Miller, Attorney-in-fact, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $1.

H. A. Dodson, et ux, to P. H. Meyer, tract in College Twp.; $100.

James E. Walker, et ux, to David Tramper, et ux, tract in Boggs Twp.; $325.

John Hamilton, et ux, to Charles E. Woodring, tract in State College Boro.; $600.

Arthur B. Lee, sheriff, to Laura S. Kephart, two tracts in Unionville Boro.; $60.

Mercantile & Realty Co., to John B. Beam, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

John B. Beam to Harry T. Hamilton, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

Harry L. Homan, et ux, to Millie S. Struble, tract in State College Boro.; $4,200.

William Parker Dead.

William Parker, a former proprietor of The Coal Exchange hotel, of Philipsburg died last Wednesday evening at the residence of his daughter, Mabel, in Toronto, Canada, where he had been making his home some time, and where another daughter, Mrs. Thomas Barnes, also resides. He is also survived by another daughter, Mrs. John Hurley, of Philipsburg, and three sons, Noah, of Sandy Ridge, and Wilson and John. The deceased, who was past 70 years of age, was a native of England, but had lived in this country many years. After leaving Philipsburg, some years ago, he moved to Ohio, where his wife died, and where his body was taken for burial.

Blanchard Girl Weds.

Last Thursday evening Miss May Harter and William Vonada were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Harter, at Blanchard. Rev. Walter L. Dudly, pastor of the Blanchard Disciple church officiated. The bride is a talented, popular young lady and has a host of friends who wish her the greatest happiness. The groom is assistant miller at I. J. Rohrbaugh's grist mill, at Beech Creek. Mr. and Mrs. Vonada will reside at Blanchard.

Become Independent.

Can give an ambitious party opportunity to establish a fine trade, in the vicinity, handling a high quality household commodity. It can be sold at a handsome profit at 20 to 25% under the retail price, as wholesalers and middlemen's profits are obviated by direct importation. No capital required. Address X are The Republican office.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A can of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the [illegible] on earth.

[illegible] Chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's [illegible] the everlasting to bed-bugs, [illegible] and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't [illegible] is used, as it leaves a coating [illegible] prevents hatching.

[illegible] P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of [illegible] per. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain [illegible] thing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY . CO

MANHATTAN ISLAND.

It Was Once a Spot Apart From the Island of Manhattan.

The Magazine of American History has called attention to a distinction in New York nomenclature that, despite the authority it quotes, "every Manhattanese" does not know. The magazine cites the following footnote to "The Spy," by James Fenimore Cooper and then comments on it:

"Every Manhattanese knows the difference between Manhattan Island and the Island of Manhattan. The first is applied to a small district in the vicinity of Corlear's Hook, while the last embraces the whole island, or the city and county of New York as it is termed in the laws.

"In other words, the latter is the present borough of Manhattan. Manhattan Island was a knoll along the old water front of the East river about an acre in extent surrounded by creeks and salt marsh and made an island by the tide. Near it was Henry Eckford's shipyard, an ancient landmark. It may be identified on General Egbert L. Viele's map of the water courses.

"In the reticulation of the present streets it lay between Rivington and Houston, Sheriff and Cannon streets. Columbia and Stanton streets intersect on what was about the center of the island. Just north of it was one of the tidal mouths of a stream that arose near First avenue on Sixth street, flowed through Tompkins square and reached the river between Manhattan Island and Burnt Mill or Branda Munah Point, about Third and Lewis streets."

ALASKA'S FERTILE LANDS.

Facts About Our Vast and Little Understood Territory.

Alaska is the most misunderstood and misrepresented section of the United States. People generally, and sincerely, believe that the name Alaska is synonymous with snow and ice and couple it accordingly with ice cream freezers and cold drinks. Yet the principal cities of Alaska along its southern coast line—Juneau, Ketchikan, Cordova, Valdez and Seward—do not average as cold in midwinter as New York and are seldom as cold as Baltimore and Washington during cold waves.

Alaska is one-fifth the size of the whole United States, and its prodigious area of about 600,000 square miles, nearly three times the size of the German empire, spreads from the temperate zone to the arctic circle. Not one quarter of it is in the latter. Below the circle lies a magnificent belt of fertile soil.

It is estimated by government authorities that the agricultural area of Alaska's fertile valleys and plains, on many of which cattle can be wintered without feeding, aggregate 30,000 square miles, with a climate like that of northern Europe—Norway, Finland and Sweden. This land is richer and more productive than that of any other country in the world, well watered fairly well timbered, and 320 acres are open free to the settler if he wishes to take up a homestead.—John A. Sleicher in Leslie's.

The Story of "Hard Hit."

"Mr. Orchardson, if I thought that by killing you I could paint a picture like yours I would stab you to the heart." Such was the remark made by Pellegrini, the famous caricaturist, to the Royal academician, Sir William Orchardson, when at a private view he first saw "Hard Hit," the picture of the ruined gambler. "It was," said the artist, "the greatest compliment I could have had." Curiously enough, the model who sat for the ruined gamester was rather fond of cards himself. One day the artist noticed that he looked somewhat depressed. "What is the matter?" he asked. "I was awfully hard hit last night," he answered. "By Jove," replied the artist, jumping up with delight, "I've got it at last! 'Hard Hit,' of course." And that is how the picture got its name.

Where Shelley Was Drowned.

Spezia, the principal naval station of Italy, and about fifty miles southeast of Genoa, described as "the Portsmouth of Italy," has interesting literary associations. It calls up memories of Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lever and Mary Somerville. Lever was in residence at Spezia intermittently for some years, and there wrote three of his books. But a more tragic interest is attached to the magnificent bay, for it will be recollected that it was while sailing in a new boat across the gulf to his home at Lerici that Shelley was drowned.

Musical Note.

"What opera did you hear last night?"

"Cecil had the program, and he said it was Libretto."

"How amusing!"

"Yes, wasn't it? Because it really wasn't Libretto at all."—Harvard Lampoon.

Bullets and Snow.

To test the penetration of rifle shots snow walls six feet six inches thick were erected in Aurillac, France. Rifles were fired at a distance of fifty-five yards. In each case the ball was stopped at a penetration of five and a half feet.

Easy to Guess.

A woman writer says girls ought to know what their beaux make.

Don't they? Unless times have changed the girls get three-fourths of it during the courtship and make a clean sweep after the wedding.—Houston Post.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows. Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells. Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies.

All Kinds of Field Seeds

Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

ODESSA'S RAPID RISE.

In Commerce and Intellect It Is the Capital of New Russia.

Odessa is one of the most important seaports of Russia, ranking, by reason of its population and its foreign trade, after Petrograd, Moscow and Warsaw. Since it was founded in 1794 near the ruins of a Turkish fort that fell into Russian hands in 1789 it has rapidly become the intellectual and commercial capital of what is called New Russia. It is the principal export town for the extensive grain growing districts of south Russia, the see of an archbishop of the Greek Orthodox church, the center of a fine university and the headquarters of the Seventh army corps.

The port lies on the shore of the Black sea, about midway between the estuaries of the Dniester and Dnieper, 967 miles from Moscow and 384 from Kiev. The city is built facing the sea, on low cliffs, seamed with deep ravines and hollowed out by galleries in the soft rock, in which thousands of the poorest inhabitants live. But above this are fine broad tree lined streets and squares bordered with handsome public buildings and mansions in the Italian style and good shops. Besides the cathedral there are dozens of other churches, a fine opera house and the Palais Royal, which is a favorite place of resort.—London Chronicle.

LIFE ON SWAN ISLAND.

Probably the World's Most Isolated Wireless Station.

On Swan island, in the Caribbean sea, is situated what is probably the most isolated wireless station in the world. The station crew is made up of three operators, two engineers, a cook, a machinist and three laborers.

No women are permitted to land on the island. Men who express a willingness to go to Swan island are obliged to sign a contract whereby they agree to remain at least eighteen months or waive their right to free return transportation. Those remaining the full period of service are returned to their homes by way of one of the Central American ports and are granted six weeks' vacation with full pay.

Strangely enough, there is no difficulty in obtaining men to man the station. Applicants, indeed, exceed the number of vacancies. Board and lodging, of course, are supplied, a boat bearing all provisions necessary, including fresh meat, and the mail as well, arriving regularly every two weeks. Some men have remained on the island as long as two years and a half and, subsequently, have been glad to return to the station.—Philadelphia Record.

Six Follies of Science.

The six follies of science are the squaring of the circle, perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, magic and astrology.

In all ages men of undoubted ability have toiled early and late to unravel the mysteries supposed to be connected with these fascinating problems. It is not always remembered that such intellectual giants as Bacon, Sir Robert Boyle and Sir Isaac Newton sought the philosopher's stone, in the study of astrology Lilly was for a time even pensioned by parliament.

Most of these "follies" conferred indirect benefits upon science, for in seeking one thing their devotees discovered many another. The craze for the secret, or unknown, has still its hold upon men and is seen in palmistry and kindred cults.—Exchange.

Cactuses of Arizona.

Arizona has more than a hundred kinds of cactuses, and Tucson is the center of the great cactus region of the southwest. These odd plants range in size from the noble sahuara, or giant cactus, forty or fifty feet high, to small pincushion cactuses an inch or two in diameter. Sahuaras grow in great abundance in the foothills between Tucson and Yuma and are always objects of wonder. It is believed a large plant is at least 200 years old. The fruit begins to ripen in June and is gathered in great quantities by Indians, who make fine jam and also a pressed sweetmeat of it.

Why He Laughed.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking of my poverty."

"Well, what is there in poverty to make you laugh?"

"It just struck me that if I should by chance strike it right some day how many thousands there are who could honestly say they knew me when I didn't have a dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

Opportunity seldom comes with a letter of introduction.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

NEAL *of the* NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

(Copyright, 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne)

(continued from page four

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues three-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PACKET

CHAPTER VI.

The Whiplash.

Hernandez stepped out upon the porch of the low-roofed bungalow. He moved with lazy strides. He was prosperous apparently, this Portuguese, Hernandez. Here was no evidence of adversity nor of hard luck. Years before he had escaped from the eruption of Mount Pelee in Martinique.

Now it was the year 1915. It was January of that year. He was located—nay, comfortably established—on his own plantation in the southern waters. For months or years—who knows?—he had lived a life of ease upon this island just off the coast of Porto Rico.

Hernandez strode to the table and tapped a bell.

"Inez," he cried sharply, "bring me drink." He was a Portuguese, this Hernandez, tall, slender, dark. The expression on his face was sinister, and across his face was an old-time scar planted by a saber stroke.

Within a woman had been humming—humming little snatches of familiar Spanish songs. At his command the humming ceased. There was an exclamation of rage—of feminine rage. Inez Castro stepped out upon the veranda.

"I am no servant," she exclaimed angrily, "to be summoned by a bell."

"Drink," said Hernandez sharply, "give me drink."

She poured it out for him and handed him the glass. "May I hope it chokes you," she exclaimed, stamping her foot.

"Stop your snarling there, you Spanish cat," exclaimed Hernandez, "and listen to me. I have an order from Porto Rico that I must fill—and fill tonight."

Inez was all attention in a moment. "How much do they want?" she asked.

"Fifty pounds of gum opium," said her lord and master, "and twenty pounds of flake cocaine."

He strode into the bungalow and approached a rude fireplace at the farther end of the apartment. He stooped and threw back the corner of a many-colored rug that partially concealed the tiles. The tiles were loosely set. He removed a dozen of them—

"I Hope It Chokes You!" She Exclaimed.

then he threw back an opening—a trap door in the floor beneath. Inez watched him until he disappeared into this wide hole. Then she glided out to the veranda. She poured out a tiny drink and tossed it off. She lit a cigarette.

Before her lay a partially plowed field. She heard the jingle of an ox chain. She heard a quavering voice and then suddenly from the rear of the bungalow a strange trio entered the arena of events.

Ponto, a fat little Mexican — who boasted ever of his Aztec blood — crawled behind a primitive and ineffective plow.

And the team! A strangely assorted team was this. On the right, with its head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox. On the left hand side, also with his head thrust through a wooden yoke and with his brawny shoulders tugging, ever tugging, at the plow, there was hitched—a man.

Ponto, cursing, raised his whip and brought down his lash time after time with strict impartiality upon the shoulders of the ox and upon the bare back of the man.

Hernandez just then appeared on the veranda bearing with him a large wicker dress-suit case.

Hernandez, slowly smoking a panatela, scanned the horizon. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. He strode swiftly into the living room and as swiftly back again and in his hands he bore a pair of up-to-date binoculars. He held them to his eyes and carefully adjusted them—keeping them trained upon a speck, a mere speck, that had appeared upon the surface of the sea.

With a bound he was off, circling the bungalow in the opposite direction from that which Ponto and his ill-assorted team had taken. He met him half way.

"Ponto," he exclaimed, "we shall have visitors. Unhitch the brute. Get pickaxes—get spades."

Hernandez led the way to the foreground between the veranda end of the bungalow and the shore. He pointed to a well-plowed strip of ground.

"There," he cried, "at that spot. Dig—dig like the very devil."

CHAPTER VII.

The Clue.

Hernandez returned to the veranda and seized the glasses once again. He passed them to Inez. "Tell me what you see," he said.

The woman shuddered slightly.

"Government vessel," she returned.

With the woman at his side he strode into the huge living room.

A moment later he reappeared tugging with him a small steamer trunk. With her aid he carried it to the veranda; then they went back for another—and another—and still another.

"Senor," exclaimed Ponto, from the inner edge of a small pit that he and the brute had finished digging, "behold, the task is now complete."

"Come then," cried Hernandez sharply, "dump these in."

Half an hour later and half a mile from shore a revenue cutter stopped its engines and later dropped an anchor.

Another half an hour and Hernandez and his dark-haired Inez sauntered shoreward and stood bowing on the crazy little wharf. They waited calmly, the woman smoking a cigarette and Hernandez enjoying his panetela, until the ship's gig drew up to the wharf.

Hernandez deftly caught the rope as it was thrown to him.

"Mr. Hernandez," said the officer brusquely, "I've got a government search warrant."

"Do not produce it, sir," he said. "I take you at your word."

"Mr. Hernandez," went on the officer, "a Porto Rican fisherman reported to us yesterday that his kicker had been hired three times by a notorious negro smuggler—that three times he had watched the departure of his boat and its return. Each time it had come in this direction—each time returned from this direction."

"The point is," went on the officer, "just this: This is the only point south of Porto Rico within a given distance. The kicker owned by our informant, when it left its owner, sailed direct toward you and returned direct from you. Possibly I am on a fool's errand, but I've got to do my duty."

"Permit me to escort you, senor," said Hernandez.

An hour later the officer was seated on the veranda waiting for his men. One by one they filed in and reported.

"No go, sir," they all said. "We've covered the whole place. There's not an ounce of gum nor a penny's worth of flake."

The officer shook his head and dismissed his men.

"You were speaking," he remarked, sipping his glass of ice-cold vichy, "you were speaking of the Martinique eruption."

"Of that," assented Hernandez, "and of something else—the steamship Princess of New York."

"Why," said the officer, "she was burned, that tramp—burned two days out from Martinique."

Hernandez's eyes narrowed. "How do you know, senor?" he queried.

"I know," returned the officer, "because I was a seaman on the gunboat Eaglet—and the gunboat Eaglet rescued the survivors of the Princess."

"Senor," said Hernandez gravely, "I would hear about this Princess of New York. She stood by, senor—I remember well, for I thought my last hour had come—she stood by to succor refugees and I with my man Ponto here—I was a refugee. I fled from the smoke and lava of Mount Pelee back in 1902—"

"Were you on the steamer Princess?" asked the officer.

"No," returned Hernandez, "they would not let us on; they beat us back. But a strange thing happened, senor. There were four of us, myself, my servant Ponto and an American named Ilington."

"Four of you?" queried the officer.

"Ah," said Hernandez, "there was a fourth member of the party—we had put off in a leaky boat. She was a baby girl—a child. She was the daughter of this Ilington."

The officer leaned forward. His mind was at work. His memory traveled back over some thirteen years. He nodded.

"Ilington," he repeated. "A child—a baby girl. I remember now."

"That baby girl, senor, boarded the ship—they took her out of all her party—her and her native woman servant—"

The officer slapped his thigh. "I remember now," he said, "I remember all about it. Let me see. It was common talk aboard the Eaglet. This child came aboard with the wife of the Princess' captain. She had two boys with her and this little girl. I don't remember the girl, but she was young, say five years old. The captain's boy I remember well—he slept in my hammock the first night he came aboard. I remember him. But there was something about the girl—wait, I have it. A bag of gold—Spanish pieces most of them, I think—or maybe French. A bag of gold—and something else. Some note or package—some mystery at any rate, as I recall."

Hernandez knocked the ashes from his panetela. "You don't say so, senor," he replied, with a show of interest. "A bag of gold and a mystery—I knew nothing of all that. I wonder what has become of Ilington. By the way, senor, what became of the survivors of the Princess?"

The officer nodded. "We landed them at Brooklyn navy yard. They were people from the North, New York or thereabouts. Curious about this little girl. I had almost forgot all about her. I will have to look her up somehow some day and see what her history is and what the mystery was."

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Like looking for a needle in a haystack, officer," he suggested.

"Oh, no," said the officer, "they've got the record in the Brooklyn navy yard. I can easily find out." He rose and held out his hand. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hernandez. Duty is duty and the government is no respector of persons."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flash Flare.

Neal Hardin of the United States life-saving service at Seaport, N. J., swung down the narrow lane toward the beach. Before he reached the intervening railroad tracks a train pulled in—a shore train from New York. Its last two cars blocked Neal's progress toward the beach—and he was forced to wait until the train pulled out again. Meantime, while the train was stationary, a single passenger alighted—a smartly dressed young woman.

She stopped, once she had alighted—and glanced about her in uncertainty. She caught sight of Neal and started toward him.

"If you don't mind," said the young woman, in dulcet tones—and with just the trace of foreign accent in her voice—"if you do not mind, I should like to find the post office—if you have one here."

Neal nodded. "I go past there," answered Neal, "I'll take you to it. Come with me."

Neal liked her—but she didn't ring true.

"This is the post office," he exclaimed at length.

Neal passed on toward the beach. He had not gone far when he heard a woman's scream. He looked back. In front of the post office a crumpled heap turned out to be the pretty woman.

"I slipped—I stumbled—something," she exclaimed, "and, oh—the pain—the pain—"

"Where?" queried the postmaster.

"My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad."

She fell back, half fainting, in Neal's arms. The postmaster nodded to Neal.

"She was going to your mother's, Neal," he said.

"My mother's," gasped Neal, "does—does she know my mother?"

The postmaster shook his head. "She wanted a quiet place—not a boarding house, nor nothing of the kind—a quiet place for her and her old father. I gave her your mother's name. I didn't know. I thought maybe your mother might take 'em in."

Neal clutched her in his strong arms and staggered to his feet.

"I'll take you to my mother's," he said aloud; "that's where you were bound—I'm Mrs. Hardin's son."

Neal's mother, Mrs. Captain Hardin, had spent a good part of the last hour in the attic of her cozy little house. She was delving into the depths of an old leather trunk—and that meant that she was delving into the past.

At the very bottom of the trunk where she had placed them years ago, was a newspaper package, carefully tied up. She opened it and spread its contents on the lid of the trunk. They consisted of the clothing—all the clothing—of a little girl—the dress and the linen articles had turned slightly yellow—even the thirteen years had left their mark upon them.

But this was not all—there was a bag of gold—the bag of gold that the little girl had brought aboard the Princess during that day of terror back at Martinique. And pinned to the tiny dress was still the note—hastily penciled by an unknown hand:

I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oilskin packet until my father comes for me, or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a saber cut upon his face. For God's sake, keep me safe.

She was startled by Annette's cry from below. Hastily she stowed away

"I Wonder What Has Become of Ilington?"

the contents of the newspaper package and shut and locked the trunk.

When she reached the living room, she started back. A young woman, her skirt dusty with the dirt of the road, was lying full length upon the lounge. Her eyes were closed. Neal was standing at her head, placing a wet cloth upon her forehead. Annette removed her shoe.

"Ah, the pain—the pain—" groaned the sufferer.

"Why, there's no swelling," said Annette.

The girl on the lounge opened her eyes. "It is always that way," she replied; "that is not the first time. It is the injury to what you call the—the synovial membrane—the covering of the bones. It has happened twice before."

The girl signaled for her leather handbag which was on the table. Neal fetched it for her, and she took from it a card. She handed it to Annette. Annette passed it to Mrs. Hardin. This is what it said.

Miss Irene Courtier,
Nassau,
The Bahama Isles.

"I—I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neil.

The girl dictated and Neal wrote as follows:

Napoleon Courtier, Esq., Hotel Bermuda, New York City:
Sprained my ankle. Don't worry. Have found friends in Seaport.
IRENE.

Over in the Hotel Bermuda in New York sat Mr. Napoleon Courtier—a foreign-looking gentleman of distinguished appearance. He was a striking-looking figure and had many peculiarities and eccentricities of manner. The most striking thing about him, however, was a livid saber cut across his cheek—a deep, deep cut—a bad scar. It is probable, however, that Mr. Courtier attracted no more attention than his companions did—one of them a fat little Mexican of most villainous appearance; the other a huge giant clad in ill-fitting clothes, who followed Mr. Courtier about like a dog—a faithful dog.

Mr. Napoleon Courtier sat within his room. He was not alone. With him were the Mexican and the giant. With him also was another personage, ill favored, low browed, treacherous.

This latter individual was a New York crook.

A telegraph boy entered with a telegram. Courtier signed for it with a gold pencil, gave the boy a quarter for a tip and opened the telegram.

"Ponto," exclaimed Mr. Napoleon Courtier, for the moment totally ignoring the presence of the crook; "look, friend Ponto. Read."

And Ponto read. It was the telegram of Miss Irene Courtier.

"At last—and after thirteen years," he said.

The crook once more seated himself and Mr. Courtier followed suit. He seized a piece of paper and wrote rapidly. He pushed the piece of paper toward the crook.

"Read that," he commanded; "it is intended for your principal."

The crook read:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The crook nodded. "Right, bo," he commented.

Half an hour later, on his way up Second avenue, New York, the crook was boisterously hailed by a crowd of boon companions. These boon companions were lounging in the doorway of the "Side Pocket."

"Come on, Shorty," cried one of them, catching the crook by the arm. "I'm just blowing. Come on in and have some steam."

A few minutes after they entered the place, One-Eyed Mulvaney and his gang entered the saloon. Followed a fight and a raid by the police. When it was over Shorty lay in a corner with his skull cracked.

Something white protruded from the crook's coat pocket. The sergeant drew it out. It was a note. It read like this:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The sergeant read it twice. Then he signaled to one of his men.

"Hey, Tim," he cried; "take this to the captain right away. There ain't a second to lose. This here's a job for the federal authorities—ask the cap to send it down to 'em at once."

CHAPTER IX.

A Stern Chase.

Miss Irene Courtier, if such were her name, rose from her couch in an upper room in the Hardin cottage with an agility that gave no hint of a disabled ankle.

At last she spied a knot in one of the floor boards. She procured a nail file from her handbag and within a few moments had removed the knot from its containing hole. Then she treated herself to a view of the room below.

She perceived that a celebration was in progress. Upon the table was a birthday cake with eighteen candles in it, and about the table were four people. Annette, the center of attraction; Neal and his mother and his foster brother, Joe Welcher.

Mrs. Hardin stepped to a cupboard and drew forth a paper bundle. She placed it on the table and by the light of the eighteen candles she unwrapped it, exhibiting to Annette Ilington and to the boys a set of childish garments, a heavy leather bag, that clinked as she laid it down, and a mysterious-looking yellow packet, sealed with red sealing wax. She unpinned from a diminutive dress a piece of paper which she read aloud.

The listener above started as the note was read. It was a strange note—it contained both a promise and a warning.

"Look," said Annette suddenly, as she examined her possessions, "here is a locket."

In it there was a picture of a man. "My father," said Annette, "I am sure it is my father. Where is he—when will he come for me?"

Suddenly Welcher started forward. "Godfrey," he cried, did you hear that."

"It's a shot from a small-bore gun," said Neal. "Come on, Joe Welcher, 'let's go out and see."

The shot was the indirect result of the raid upon the gangsters of the "Side Pocket."

For an hour at least a government destroyer with United States revenue officers aboard had patrolled the coast waiting for the signal arranged as per the unsigned bit of paper taken from the coat pocket of Shorty.

The signal was a flash flare. The destroyer waited for it. Suddenly an officer held up his hand.

"There, close in shore."

A light flashed forth into the night.

"Now, we've got them where we want them," said the officer. "Man the launch and get away as quietly as possible."

Meantime Hernandez and his two companions, Ponto and the brute, waited with the patience of adventurers for the replying signal. They were anchored in a speedy motor boat in a small cove to the south of Seaport. Receiving no answer to their signal, they flashed another flare into the darkness. Once more they were disappointed. Suddenly Hernandez sprang to the engine and turned it over.

"Steer an even course down shore," Hernandez cried to Ponto. "Keep out of the open. If they press us we can land and make a getaway."

The commander of the destroyer glanced through his glasses.

"That's a bad crowd," he said, "a desperate bunch. Send up a gunner. I think I'll take a chance."

They sent up a gunner and he took a chance. The bow of the motor boat flew into space. Hernandez and his gang were plunged into sea.

With one accord Hernandez and his two companions struck out for the shore.

At the Hardin cottage, at the sound of the shot, Neal and Annette had rushed forth with Joe Welcher a close third.

"Come on, Joe," said Neal. "Stay where you are, Annette."

But Annette, always venturesome, insisted upon keeping them company. They had not gone twenty paces when something happened. There was a sudden rush from down the road and a man, his breath coming quick and fast, darted upon them, passed them, and was away in an instant. But in that instant he had accidentally or by design brushed violently against Annette and knocked her down.

Neal raised her to her feet and then beside himself with anger dashed after this reckless individual up the road.

"Look, look," cried Annette, "what is this thing coming here?"

This thing, as Annette called it, came on by leaps and bounds, with hands that wildly waved about its body and above its head as it sped along. It was a figure, gigantic, fearful. Welcher shuddered.

The huge creature stopped short in his tracks and stared at Annette—stupefied and fascinated.

The sharp crack of revolver shots brought him to himself. He looked behind him. Annette following his gaze saw figures rushing up the roadway. The brute leaped up and with a huge bound rushed up the road and disappeared.

An officer followed by a handful of sailors from the launch followed the brute up the road.

CHAPTER X.

A General Jail Delivery.

Meantime Neal, incensed at the assault, either intended or accidental, upon Annette, was following his man across country. Hernandez was lean and agile and he kept well in the lead. At the railroad, obeying some sudden impulse, he turned and swung on down the tracks. Here he was at a disadvantage. Neal was accustomed to leaping railroad ties, two at a leap.

By this time, however, they had reached the bridge—a bridge over the inlet to the north of the town. Hernandez darted out upon it with Neal immediately behind him, but just as Neal was about to clutch him from behind, Hernandez twitched aside and leaped to the waters of the inlet far beneath.

Neal followed suit. Both men swam to shore and Hernandez, realizing for the first time that he was followed by one man and not two, now changed his tactics. He stood upon the shore and waited until Neal came up. Then with a sudden rush he darted forward and planted a murderous blow in the direction of Neal's chin.

When the blow was delivered Neal's chin was not there, nor was Neal, but he was not far away. He ducked and countered with his left, striking Hernandez full upon the throat.

At that instant something small and dark and fat leaped out of the darkness, drew a poniard, and before Neal could even turn, had cut a gash—a deep gash—in Neal's shoulder.

This new assailant was Ponto.

And then all three heard a sound upon the bridge. All three looked up. There in the moonlight, running full tilt toward them, was a squad of uniformed men.

Ponto and Hernandez took to their heels and ran, but Neal in that instant leaped upon them from behind, clutched each man with one hand.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, panting, "I've got them. Come."

Meantime Mrs. Hardin had succeeded in getting Annette back into the cottage. Annette had been somewhat injured by the violence of her fall,

The Brute Man Releases Hernandez and Ponto From Prison.

but it was not that shock that affected her the most.

"It was that big wild man," she kept exclaiming, with terror shining from her eyes. "It was his face—his face." She looked up suddenly. "His face," she kept repeating. "Where have I seen his face before."

There was a tramp of feet without and in another instant a naval officer in uniform appeared in the doorway, removed his cap and entered.

Neal, pale-faced, but with flashing eyes, stalked in at his side. Annette uttered a cry of dismay. Neal's white shirt was drenched with blood.

Ten minutes later Hernandez and Ponto were safely under lock and key—the only prisoners in the town jail.

Three hours later, just as the moon went down, a huge figure cautiously crept up toward the barred window of the jail. It lifted its hands high above its head, grasped the bars and drew itself up until it could peer within.

"Break, brute," Hernandez commanded softly. "Tear them up by the roots. Get us out of this."

Five minutes later these three ill-assorted figures crept noiselessly, stealthily into the shadows of the night and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., October 14, 1915

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub

Subscription rate, $1.50 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

— Advertising Rates. —

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

FOR JUDGE

HENRY C. QUIGLEY, Bellefonte, Pa.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET

FOR SHERIFF

GEORGE H. YARNELL, Walker Township.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

JAMES C. FURST, Bellefonte.

FOR PROTHONOTARY

IRA G. BURKET, Halfmoon Township.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

DAVID CHAMBERS, Snow Shoe Township.

FOR RECORDER

WILLIAM H. BROWN, Bellefonte.

FOR REGISTER

FRANK SASSERMAN, Bellefonte.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

HARRY P. AUSTIN, Milesburg.
ISAAC MILLER, Bellefonte.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS

C. E. GRAMLEY, Miles Township.
KEATER R. HARTSOCK, Huston Township.

Vote the straight Republican ticket.

Every Republican vote will count—don't forget it.

With J. Kennedy it turned out to be a case of "on again, off again, Finnegan."

Centre County Republicans are lining up solidly for the whole ticket. That's the stuff.

A vote for the Republican ticket this year means a vote for business success and prosperity next year.

Let every Republican put his shoulder to the wheel and help return a big, rousing majority for the whole Republican ticket.

With party harmony prevailing throughout the county Republican success at the polls on November 2d is assured. May there always be harmony.

Had Mr. Johnston withdrawn one week earlier there would have been no occassion for one full week of strenuous guessing by the wise men. The curb-stone predictions will have to be revised.

Philipsburg Republicans extend greetings to Republicans in the remainder of the county and assure a whooping big Republican majority for the whole ticket on November 2d. This is the spirit that makes for Republican success.

TOOT! TOOT!

The "Centre Democrat" is all fussed up over the fact that this newspaper is supporting Henry C. Quigley for Judge "because he is a Republican." In the column adjoining that in which the "Centre Democrat" indulges in its fussing there appears the lone name of Judge Orvis as the "Centre Democrat's" candidate for Judge. The fussy column preaches consistency and the non-partisan spirit, and the adjoining column the very opposite. We would suggest that the two columns get together, compare notes and play one tune at a time. The "Centre Democrat" certifies to the fact that "The Republican" is honest in its editorial expressions. That is certainly bully. We blush with appreciation. With the campaign opening up we'll probably need this certificate of character. We'll return the compliment to the extent, at least, that the "Centre Democrat" was equally honest in tacking up the name of Judge Orvis for Judge because he is a Democrat.

GERMANY BECOMING RECONCILED.

Germany is yielding to the demands of the United States. This is the only meaning that can be attached to the communications from the Imperial Government. The question is not yet settled, but the way has been opened for its peaceful settlement. And when our contentions have finally been accepted, and the German submarine policy has been modified to accord with the rights of neutral nations, this Government will have achieved a diplomatic triumph of vast importance. Count VonBernstorff's assurance that an order had been issued suspending submarine attacks on passenger ships disposes of the Arabic case and opens the way tor the peaceful settlement of the entire issue.

There are, however, two defects in the present German attitude. One is the fact that the suspension of submarine attack is only temporary, and the other is that Germany seeks to make its suspension conditional upon action by this Government against the Brittish blockade. With all respect for the Imperial German Government, we must continue to maintain that the right of our citizens to travel on the high seas is an absolute right and is unconditioned so far as Germany is concerned by anything that England or any other nation may do. Germany does not seem to realize that her interests will be best served by her yielding frankly and promptly to our demands. But she does give every evidence of a purpose to yield. 'And the possibility of safeguarding our rights as a neutral nation, and at the same time avoiding war, is one that justifies reasonable patience in handling the question.

MR. JOHNSTON OUT.

After one week in the field as an independent candidate for Judge Mr. Johnston tossed the public a surprise by suddenly withdrawing. His entrance into the field last week put the Judgeship situation "in the air", and now that he has withdrawn in such sbrupt fashion it remains to be seen what effect it will have on the result on November 2d. There are some who seem to think it will improve the chances of Judge Orvis. Others fancy it will help Mr. Quigley. Possibly a conservative opinion would be that it is too hard a nut to crack.

Since Mr. Johnston believed it the part of wisdom to withdraw he is to be commended for doing so without delay. In some respects it is perhaps unfortunate that he did not hold his original announcement in abeyance a week longer. Some thoughtless ones always jump to hasty conclusions. To our mind, the long and short of the matter is that Mr. Johnston really believed that he could be elected as an independent and that after more mature deliberation he became convinced that his original judgment was defective. That he was entirely honest and sincere in both conclusions we are ready to and do believe. We do not believe that under the circumstances he could have been elected, and since he and his friends no doubt came to this conclusion we think he did the honorable and sensible thing by withdrawing.

ABE REUF'S SHORT TERM.

The recent release of Abraham Reuf from the penitentiary reminds the country of the fact that one political boss and briber has been given effective treatment and probably has been cured. He was sentenced to fourteen years. He has served four. He can be sent back for the rest of his term if he violates his parole. Yet, it is significant of our judicial methods that he spent nearly as much time in jail, before conviction, as he did in the penitentiary. At the time of the bribery scandals in San Francisco, a fourteen year term seemed none too much for Reuf. But if he had been sentenced to the term he has actually served, four years, an outcry would have gone up, and there would have been widespread indignation. There is too much bluff and make-believe about our dealings with criminals. Instead of a maximum sentence, which may be cut down, we ought to impose a minimum sentence which may be extended by the prisoner's bad behavior. Prison reform should mean human and intilligent treatment for prisoners, not turning them out after serving less than one thirdiof their sentence.

Anthony J. Dress Dead.

Anthony J. Dress died last Sunday in the Episcopal hospital in Philadelphia, in which city he had resided for some years. His death resulted from heart trouble. Deceased was a former resident of Philipsburg and was aged about 68 years. Surviving are his widow, who was formerly Miss Fannie Hunter, of Philipsburg, and three sons, George, Frank and Charles, all residing in Philadelphia. Surviving also are two brothers and three sisters: Emanuel, of Loganton; Levi, of Nittany valley: Mrs. Charles Kutz, of Philipsburg; Mrs. Annie Vantz, of Aaronsburg, and Mrs. Katherine Smith, of Schuylkill County. Interment was made Wednesday at Reading.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Wm. M. Hadghes, Henry 1. Irvin, Chas. Noll, Eddie Spear, and Samuel Tate. When called for please say advertised.

Neal of the Navy

(continued from last week)

Meanwhile Ilington, with sure discrimination, placed the child in Manuella's arms once more, and forced the native woman out upon the ladder.

"Courage, Manuella," he kept whispering; "courage, Annette. They've got to help you out."

Captain Hardin leaned over the side. "Let the woman and child come aboard," he shouted; "back there, men back. Welcher, let them come aboard."

"Ah-h-h," cried Ilington in a tone of relief. With a final almost superhuman effort he lifted Manuella to the rail of the Princess, safely aboard. He was about to pass the child to her, but young Neal Hardin was holding out his arms.

"I'm a good catch," said young Neal; "put it there."

Ilington glanced for one instant into the frank face of Neal Hardin and the captain of the ship. He drew a sigh of relief. He nodded swiftly.

"Whatever happens, thank God she is in good hands," he said.

Captain Hardin put his lips to his megaphone.

"Put her about there," he shouted out; "full steam ahead."

Even as he said it there was a fresh shower of huge red cinders; some ash—some in molten state. There was an added cry of agony from shore and sea. Even the refugees aboard the ship cowered under the hail of fire in terror. Suddenly at the captain's side Manuella, the native woman, uttered a gasp. A red-hot cinder of unusual size had smitten her upon the temple as she crouched low over little Annette Ilington. Clutching the captain by the arm she fell prone upon the deck. Young Neal Hardin sprang forward and caught the child before she fell.

Manuella's breath came fast—the thinnest portion of her skull had been pierced by the jagged edges of the cinder. Wild-eyed and frantic, but well realizing that she was upon the point of death, she caught young Neal by the blouse.

"I die—you take baby—some day papa come—very—rich—"

She said no more. The captain bent over her, rose and glanced at Welcher significantly. Then he turned to his young son Neal.

"Take the little girl into our cabin, Neal," he said. "Give her to your mother."

Neal clutched the warm bundle in his arms and staggered with it aft.

As Mrs. Hardin unwound the shawl something dropped clinking to the cabin floor. Neal seized it and handed it to his mother.

"It's a bag of gold," he said.

No sooner had he said it than another object fluttered to the floor—an oilsilk packet sealed with sealing wax. Mrs. Hardin placed the two upon a small stand set into the side wall of the cabin. She continued to unwind the shawl. Again they started. Pinned to the child's dress was a crumpled piece of paper, and upon the piece of paper was a hastily penciled scrawl. Mrs. Hardin read it. This is what it said:

"I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oilskin packet until my father comes for me or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a saber cut upon his face. For God's sake keep me safe."

CHAPTER IV.

After a Night of Fear.

The three men—Ilington and his two companions—sat dejected in their badly leaking boat and watched Captain Hardin's vessel fade away into the distance. Hernandez watched her keenly as she disappeared. Into the innermost recesses of his mind he tucked away the fact that she was the steamer Princess of New York. Some day that knowledge would be of use to him. Hot ashes brushed against Ilington's cheek; some rested on his shoulders. He shook himself like some huge mastiff. He seized the oars.

"Come," he said, "we've got to get out of this—and right away. This boat is filling fast."

"Go to it, senor," said Hernandez. "Row."

It was not a request; it was a command. It was a strange thing that as long as Ilington had borne the child in his arms, Ilington had been the leader of the three. Now his independence seemed to leave him.

For hours he rowed—he forgot he was a human being. His oars rose and fell with the regularity of machine-like movement. Suddenly Hernandez spoke.

"Careful, senor," he commanded. "Behold the surf."

He was quite right. They were crossing some bar well off the shore. Before they knew it they were in the midst of a tumult of wind-driven angry waves. Ponto shrieked. A wave towered high above them and fell with thunderous thud upon the bottom of their boat. She went under.

"Come on," cried Ilington; "a hand on each of my shoulders—I'll take you safe ashore."

Half an hour later the three men staggered out of the battered surf and sank down exhausted upon a strip of beach.

Dawn broke with Ilington still sleeping heavily. Ponto was the first to wake. He shook Hernandez, placing his finger on his lips. Hernandez sprang up with the agility of a panther. He collected his faculties in an instant. He placed his hand upon the shoulder of the sleeping man and shook him.

"Wake, senor," he commanded; "it is day."

"Senor," went on Hernandez, "let us resume our conversation—our talk of yesterday. Where is this lost island?" He thrust his face into the face of Ilington. "And where," he demanded, "is the oil-silk packet?"

"Where, also," added Ponto, "is the bag of gold?"

Ilington smiled. "So you have searched me, have you?" he returned. "Well, you're welcome, gentlemen, to anything you find." He rose to his feet. "Come on," he commanded, "we're marooned. I'm hungry. Let us see what we can find."

Hernandez caught him by the arm. "Where is the packet?" he demanded.

"And where the gold?" persisted Ponto.

Ilington smiled. "Both traveling north," he answered, "with Annette Ilington. They are confided to her care."

"And why?" asked Hernandez.

Ilington shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you and I and Ponto here were booked for death, that's why. Who knows—we may still be booked for death."

Hernandez glanced significantly at Ponto. "Some of us may," he said.

"Come on," said Ilington, "there are mussels on those rocks yonder. Follow me."

He strode into the water and waded toward a patch of rocky reef beyond.

Ponto seized a bit of jagged wood that lay upon the beach. He and Hernandez waded after Ilington. Once on the rocks Ilington stooped and tore huge shell fish from their moorings with his naked hands. As he did so Ponto in a sudden frenzy lifted high the billet in his hand and brought it with a crashing blow down upon the head of Ilington.

Ilington fell like a log. Hernandez sprang at Ponto and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"You fool," he cried, "what do you gain by this?"

"Wait," exclaimed Ponto, clawing Ilington with his clutching talons; "let us search him thoroughly."

The search yielded nothing to them.

"Fool," repeated Hernandez, "you have done a useless thing. There's always time I tell you."

Ponto shook his head. "Senor," he said, "this man stood between us and the packet. There is no one now to keep us from his child."

Hernandez slowly nodded. "True," he returned, "perhaps you are right. He was a menace—now he is dead. He is removed. Let us leave him to the mercy of the sea. Come on."

"To the mercy of the sea," these adventurers had said, and the sea was strangely merciful. With the tenderness of a mother it laved the limbs of the supine victim—it washed his wound—it laved his brow.

It did more—it brought him back to life. Uttering an inarticulate cry, the man rose, staggering to his feet. He put his hand to the back of his head. It came away covered with blood. He stared at his ruddy fingers vacantly.

"Red—red—" he babbled.

He stared about him in bewilderment.

Babbling and cackling he rose once more to his feet. Some instinct led him toward the shore. He waded across the narrow strip of water, breast high, toward the narrow strip of beach beyond.

Ponto's Eyes Reddened; His Face Flushed Suddenly. He Fingered the Hilt of His Knife and Glanced Toward Hernandez.

He reached the beach and darted zig-zag hither and thither, always babbling, always cackling.

There was reason for this. Somewhere in his skull there was a dent—a deep depression—made by the billet of wood that had struck him down. Ever and anon as he went he stroked the wound with the right hand and drew the hand away, covered with blood.

"Red—red—" he babbled and went on.

CHAPTER V.

A Night With Flame.

Young Neal Hardin was proud of his father's boat, the Princess. He never ceased admiring her. There was no part of her he didn't love. He was well assured that she must hold the same fascination for other people as she did for him. He concluded that little Annette Ilington would fall desperately in love with his huge boat and he escorted that young lady to all parts of the vessel—in fact, he walked her little legs off.

They explored the lifeboats, the forward quarters of the crew; they visited the pilot; they climbed the bridge. Finally, they visited the hold. It was well they did.

Something had happened—and had happened on the day before while the Princess lay off Martinique. Cinders had fallen by the hundreds—a condition of affairs that the captain and his crew had well prepared for. It was impossible to be everywhere at once and a cinder—a live, red messenger of death—had taken advantage of this condition of affairs, had wormed its way unnoticed into the cotton cargo, and like a red-hot cancer had eaten into it with flame.

With just the slightest trace of excitement Neal drew the little girl to the deck and with her at his side sought and found his father and whispered to him.

The captain stiffened as with shock; his face turned pale. He held up a hand and three members of the crew rushed to him. He gave hasty, whispered orders.

In ten minutes the fire hose was laid out—men were working at the pumps. But in ten minutes something else had happened—the hold was filled with smoke. Huge tongues of flame were leaping heavenward, and in that same ten minutes panic took command—pandemonium reigned.

"Abandon ship," Hardin cried. "All hands to the boats! Women and children first."

Two days later a boatload of half-starved refugees parched with thirst, chilled by the cold night and baked by the heat of day, were sighted by a cruiser of the navy. Half an hour afterwards its exhausted passengers clambered wearily but gratefully up the cruiser's side.

The last of the refugees to leave the lifeboat and last of all save the lifeboat's crew to reach the cruiser's deck was young Neal Hardin. Clutched in his arms was the recumbent sleeping figure of little Annette Ilington.

Mrs. Hardin was offered the commander's cabin. She accepted with gratitude. She tucked Annette Ilington and Joey Welcher into their berths, but when she came to look for Neal, her young son, she found him missing. She searched for him. A seaman touched her on the arm.

"You'll find him there, ma'am," said the sailor.

He pointed toward a group in a corner of the sleeping deck. The crew

Ponto in a Sudden Frenzy Lifted High the Billet in His Hands and Brought It Down.

were swinging hammocks ready for the night. Mrs. Hardin listened. She heard the clear tones of her young son Neal. She hastened to the group and caught her offspring by the hand.

"Mom," he pleaded, "don't." He pointed toward a hammock high above his head. "That's where I'm going to sleep—just once—tonight."

A seaman touched his cap and grinned. "He's a sailor from the ground up, ma'am," he said. "You can't make him anything else if you was to try a hundred years."

All through that long night a woman lay, wide-eyed, with dumb agony within her heart. She didn't know—she couldn't know—that Capt. John Hardin was exploring the depths unknown with a knife sunk between his shoulder blades by his mate, Welcher. But she knew that she would never lay eyes upon him more—never feel the clasp of his hand, nor his kiss upon her lips, nor his strong arms about her—never in this world again.

(continued on page 3)

For Sale Cheap.

1 large refrigerator.
1 cream separator.
1 ice box.
2 sticking machines.
1 shingle jointer.
2 shingle bolting machines.
1 drag saw machine.
1 35-horse power engine.
1 automatic box board machine.
Lot of used machinery, shafting and pulleys.
Store counters and tables.
Would take lumber in exchange Apply to

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Union County
FAIR
BROOK PARK
NEAR LEWISBURG
October 19 to 22

Reduced fare excursion tickets will be sold to Brook Park on these dates, good on date of issue only, from Bellefonte, Williamsport, Mt. Carmel, and intermediate stations, except those from which the unlimited round-trip fare is 50 cents or less.

SPECIAL TRAINS

Thursday, October 21 and Friday, October 22, will leave Mifflinburg 12.30 P. M., Vicksburg 12.39 P. M., Biehl 12.45 P. M. Returning special train leaves Lewisburg 6.00 P. M., Brook Park 6.05 P. M. on Thursday for Bellefonte and on Friday for Glen Iron and intermediate stations.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Hamilton Watches

in all grades and all sizes. We want you to come in and look this watch over reputed to be, and positively is, the very best American watch made. Used by over half the railroad men of the United States.

Use our phones. Both just inside the door, FREE

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

There is still some seeding to do.

Applebutter stirring is on, but it will be a short job. The high winds have shed the orchards of their crop.

George Fortney, one of Penns valley's successful farmers and stock growers, was here last Friday.

Mrs. J. S. McCormick, of Hublersburg, is lending a helping hand to her mother, Mrs. Dannley, who is suffering from a broken hip.

N. O. Dreibelbis and wife in their new Cadillac car enjoyed a drive down Penns valley Wednesday.

J. B. Whitmer and family motored to Altoona and Hollidaysburg and spent Sunday with relatives.

Every nimrod who has a gun or who can borrow one is ready and primed for wild turkeys tomorrow.

Joe Hettinger and John Hook, both old Civil war veterans, and Mrs. Joel Ferree, are among the sick this week.

Prof. A. C. Weaver is now snugly located in the Everts home on Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harpster, who have been ill the past month, are both improving nicely.

Mrs. W. H. Bailey, who has been very ill the past two weeks, is now convalescing satisfactorily.

The venerable Samuel Markle left for Harrisburg, where he will spend the winter with his son, Samuel.

Assessor George Rossman is making his initial round tallying canines and delivering gold medals.

C. L. Sunday will till the broad and fertile acres of the W. H. Goss farm next season. Tenant C. M. Trostel flits to the J. C. Corl farm nearby.

The venerable J. H. Meyer, one of Penns valley's oldest citizens, is ill at his home. He has been in poor health ever since the grangers picnic at Centre Hall where he camped during the week.

G. H. Richards, Sinie Hoy and Issac Miller have been here during the past week looking up political fences.

D. C. Krebs, wife and son, Leslie, in their new Ford car, motored to Middleburg Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kustaborder, of Bellefonte, spent the middle of the week stirring applebutter at the home of the the former's brother, James.

Dr. R. M. Krebs has had a Commercial phone installed in his office. Hello!

Matthew Goheen and Mr. and Mrs. John P. Kimport, in the former's new Maxwell car, enjoyed a drive over the Seven Mountains to Lewistown Tuesday.

Mrs. Ellis Lytle was a Tyrone visitor Friday and stocked up her wardrobe for the winter.

Mrs. D. S. Peterson was to Stormstown last Thursday assisting her uncle, Ira G. Burket, flit to his new quarters in his father's old home on Main Street. This move doesn't mean that Ira expects anything but that he will move to Bellefonte after election day.

A full house greeted D. D. G. M. Edward Owens and others from Bellefonte Saturday evening to witness the installation of Penns Valley Lodge No. 276, I. O. O. F. officers into their respective chairs, with chairman, Doctor R. M. Krebs, acting as grand marshall. Those installed follow:—

C. H. Meyers, noble grand.
George Porter, vice grand.
D. S. Peterson, secretary.
E. C. Musser, treasurer.
R. M. Krebs, chaplain.
William H. Fry, warden.
J. H. Bailey, conductor.
Parsons and Homan, supports to near grand.
Peterson and Oliver, supports to vice grand.
G. E. Harper, outside sentinel.
A. S. Bailey, inside sentinel.
Isenberg and Davis, sentinel supporters.
J. E. McWilliams, past grand.

Among those present from Bellefonte were Edward Owens, Sinie Hoy, Harry S. Eberhart, Jacob Hoy, Isaac Miller, Harvey Smith, C. K. Hicklen, Harry Murtorff, Van Jodon, Willis Wion, M L. Altenderfer, J. W. Klinger and Renben Cronemiller. From State College lodge there were present Clifford Close, John Mong, W. A. Collins. Following the initiation services the various reports were heard, which carried favorable comment from the visiting members. The lodge is in a very healthy condition, and having a number of applications on hand. Plans are under way for a large demonstration in Bellefonte on the anniversery next spring when efforts will be put forth to have all lodges in full membership in line. A lunch with ice cream was served and then followed a smoker. Centre Lodge orchestra furnished enlivening music.

Milesburg.

Mr. Faxon, of Boalsburg, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Faxon, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Funk, of Vineland, Kan., are visiting the Misses Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Faxon have returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bullock in Julian.

Mrs. Allen, of Curtin, visited Sunday with Mrs. Phil Meyer.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Mill Hall, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Shay.

Mrs. Maurer and daughter, of Tyrone, visited Mrs. Howard Spear on Sunday.

Miss Rose Haupt was in Centre Hall on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Coldren Sundayed in Sunbury.

Rev. S. S. Clark attended the Baptist Association at Lewisburg during the past week.

Harry Peters, of Renovo, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller have moved from the Kohlbecker house to the Watson house.

The brick works have closed for the winter.

Misses Ella Wagner and Dora Stere visited friends in Snow Shoe on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Wolf is holding revival services in Snow Shoe.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baird.

Mrs. Charles Chester and Mrs. Yeager, of Curtin, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Shultz on Sunday.

Ed. Quick Sundayed in Julian.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gault spent the week-end in Howard.

Miss Bertha Smith spent Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Hugg.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Fillmore, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Murray.

Andrew Loomis, of New York City, is visiting the Misses Gregg.

Mrs. McSulery, of Pittsburg, visited with Mrs. Frank Zimmerman during the past week.

John Fulton, of Tyrone, spent Wednesday of last week with Wm. Fulton and family.

Ed. Spear and Miss Gladys Glenn visited in State College over Sunday.

Leon Yorks Sundayed with relatives in Unionville.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Gilbert, of Philipsburg, visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spicer on Friday.

Clair McKinley, who has been in Johnstown, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKinley.

Rev. and Mrs. Wolf are visiting in Snow Shoe.

Ira G. Burket was a visitor with Mr. Harry Austin on Sunday.

Nevin Schindler, of Curtin, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. H. Schindler.

Miss Maud Kanarr, of State College, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanarr.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford and family Sundayed with Mrs. Sue Huff.

Leon and Clifford Quick spent the week-end with friends at Runville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shultz spent Friday in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shope spent Sunday in Hublersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Shope Sundayed at Varnell.

Enoch Hugg is visiting in Philipsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Miles, of Altoona, Sundayed with relatives in town.

Mrs. McMillin, of Curtin, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bullock, of Julian, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Faxon.

Miss Helen Proudfoot, of Altoona, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wagner.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kephart, of Pittsburg, are visiting Mrs. Frank Zimmerman.

Mrs. William Walker, of Lock Haven, visited friends in town during the past week.

The Republican, $1.50 a year.

Mt. Eagle.

Well, Mr. Editor, here we are again after a couple of weeks of absence, having a good time in Washington. I shall not attempt to describe all that took place at the national encampment. We had a delightful time at the 45th Regt. reunion at Comrade Lucas's home.

E. H. Leathers raised his potatoes last Friday and Saturday, and like lots of other fellows this year he found many potatoes were rotting.

Mrs. Joseph Dunkle was an arrival in town last Saturday evening, and her daughter Miss Alice, from Mill Hall, arrived here Sunday morning, stopping with Mrs. Crotzer.

Last Thursday Mrs. Pheasant received the sad intelligence that her youngest sister had died at Altoona. She went on Friday afternoon to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Bitner's cousin from Beech Creek, Mrs. Garth, is spending a few weeks on the farm.

George Brown, of Greensburg, with the help of Leonard Deitz, is putting down a cistern for his grandmother Brown.

Mrs. John Thomas departed Saturday morning for Snow Shoe to visit her daughter, Mrs. Watson.

Grandma Robinson is visiting in Snow Shoe with her son and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gates and children, from Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. Gates' mother and brother.

Preaching services were held in the Kennedy M. E. church Sunday afternoon, Rev. J. E Dunning officiating.

The box social of the Mt. Eagle school held 2 weeks ago cleared about $30 and had enough to pay for their organ and some in addition, all of which they are very thankful for. The patronage received is very encouraging to teachers and scholars.

Oldest Fertilizer Plants.

The Pennsylvania agricultural experiment station, conducted in cooperation with the Pennsylvania State College, has the oldest fertilizer experiment in America. For the last thirty-four years 144 plats have been under continuous treatment. There is a complete record for each crop, and full data on the treatment of each plat for the 34 years.

Among the other important lessons drawn from this fertilizer experiment, it has been determined that on lime-stone soils phosphorous is the deficient element and becomes the limiting factor in crop production. Other fertilizer elements have no effect until the need for phosphorous is supplied, then potash becomes the limiting factor and gives increased crops.

In a four-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat and clover, each for one year, it has been found that the clover has met the needs for nitrogen and the fertility of the soil has been fully maintained for 34 years by adding only potassium and phosphorous. Other significant results obtained indicate that barnyard manure and a complete fertilizer have been about equal in maintaining fertility of the soil.

THE TONKA BEAN.

From It We Get the Perfume Known as New Mown Hay.

Grass, freshly cut or otherwise, has had nothing to do with the production of the perfume labeled "New Mown Hay." The source of the essence is really the tonka bean, found in the tropical countries of South America chiefly in the valleys of the Orinoco Caura and Cuchivero rivers in Venezuela and certain sections of Colombia and Brazil.

The tonka bean tree in some cases reaches a height of sixty feet. It has pinnate leaves and large panicles of flowers, which are succeeded by a pod containing a single seed. The odor which is remarkably strong, resembles that of sweet clover new mown hay and is due to the presence of cumarin a crystallizable, volatile, neutral substance which is soluble in alcohol or ether and somewhat so in boiling water, from which it crystallizes on cooling. The beans are often frosted with crystals of this substance, giving them the appearance of being sugar coated. The collectors in Venezuela and Colombia usually set out for the forests in February, when the fruit begins to ripen. They go up the rivers in canoes or skiffs by the hundreds, stopping wherever the trees are plentiful, and when the fruit begins to fall the pods are gathered and taken to some open space where sunshine is plentiful and there carefully crushed and the beans extracted and then spread out to dry. When thoroughly dried they are loaded into the boats and transported to Ciudad Bolivar or some other convenient port, where they are sold to the exporting merchants. Here they go through the process of crystallization by being steeped in strong rum or alcohol for about twenty-four hours and then again dried.

They lend their fragrance to high grade tobacco, fine toilet soaps, to "brilliantine" and other hair dressings and dyes, to cosmetics, to flavoring extracts used in confections and to many other things that gratify the sense of smell.—Argonaut.

Made Him Feel Old.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much!"

"But you look as if you had something serious on your mind."

"Well, if you insist on knowing, a boy who was named after me has just become engaged to be married. How time flies!"—Chicago Herald.

WE HAVE

JUST RECEIVED

A Supply of

STEARN'S PEROXIDE CREAM

This cream is delightfully perfumed, cooling, soothing and refreshing skin tonic for the complexion---

Price 25 cents

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

POSTMASTER LINCOLN.

What Happened When He Was Called Upon to Square Accounts.

On May 7, 1833, says F. F. Browne in "The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln," Lincoln was appointed postmaster at New Salem, Ill., by President Jackson. The duties of the position were light, for there was only one mail a week and the remuneration was correspondingly small.

The office was too insignificant to be considered politically, and it was given to the young man because every one liked him and because he was the only man willing to take it who could make out the returns. He was exceedingly pleased with the appointment because it gave him a chance to read every newspaper that was taken in the vicinity. He had never been able to get half the newspapers he wanted, and the office gave him the prospect of a constant feast. Not wishing to be tied to the office, since it yielded him no revenue that would reward him for the confinement, he made a postoffice of his hat. Whenever he went out he put the letters in his hat. When a person who expected a letter met the postmaster he found also the postoffice, and the public official, taking off his hat, looked over and delivered the mail wherever the public might find him. He kept the office until it was discontinued or was removed to Petersburg.

A small balance due the government remained in Lincoln's hands at the discontinuance of the office. Time passed on and he had removed to Springfield and was practicing law, having his place of business in Dr. Henry's office. Meanwhile his struggle with poverty was unabated, and he had often been obliged to borrow money from his friends to purchase the barest necessaries. It was at that juncture that a government agent called to make a settlement of the old postoffice accounts. The interview took place in the presence of Dr. Henry, who thus described it to Mr. Browne:

"I did not believe he had the money on hand to meet the draft, and I was about to call him aside and offer to lend him the money when he asked the agent to be seated. He went over to his trunk at his boarding house and returned with an old blue sock, in which a quantity of silver and copper coins was tied up. Untying the sock, he poured the contents upon the table and proceeded to count the coins.

"The government agent found that the pile contained the exact amount of the draft to a cent and in the identical coins that Mr. Lincoln had received. He never under any circumstances used trust funds."

An Indignant Poet.

Beranger, the famous French poet, whose greatest gift lay in writing little poems which he called songs, was particularly dependent upon the chance visits of the muse.

He was once visited by the author and academician Viennet, who said to him:

"You must have written several songs since I saw you last."

"I have only begun one," answered Beranger.

"Only one? I am astonished!" exclaimed Viennet.

Beranger became indignant.

"Humph!" he shouted. "Do you think one can turn off a song as one turns off a tragedy?"

Outlawry.

Outlawry existed in England and Scotland from very early days. Earl Godwin and Hereward the Wake were famous political outlaws. At one time the sentence was used to punish any one who would not pay the "were," or blood money, to the relatives of a man he had killed. In civil proceedings it was abolished in 1879. In the old days an outlaw could be killed whenever or wherever he was encountered, but this part of the penalty was abolished.

As It Is Today.

Fervent Swain—Will you be mine? Adored One—Not if I know myself. But I wouldn't mind taking a half interest in your life and prospects.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

FOR SALE—One bay horse, pacer, record 2:14, age 8 yrs, weight 1050. Apply to Mrs. C. Clark, Osceola Mills, Pa. H. & C. phone.

SALESMEN WANTED—Salesmen acquainted with merchants. Large demand Lib. comm. pocket samples. Wirth Salesbook Co., Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Hoga King Clothilde No. 82325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—3.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 19 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

LOST—Split bamboo, jointed fishing rod, in black cardboard case. May have been lost on State road between Bellefonte and Lamar, or on the road in the narrows between Lamar station and the Cherry Run bridge, along Fishing Creek. On the case was a label bearing the name, "Charles, Jr." Finder will be rewarded on returning same to Charles E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

"None for you, Teddy"

Can't blame a boy for keeping all he can get of the

NEW Post Toasties

You'll know why when you taste the new delicious flavour---along with a body and tender crispness that don't mush down in cream.

In the new process of manufacture, intense heat expands the interior moisture, raising little pearl-like "puffs" on each flake---a distinguishing feature of the

New Post Toasties

Your grocer has them now.

The Romance of Elaine

Sequel to The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories.

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

SYNOPSIS.

After the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance, a submarine appears the following morning on the bay. A man plunges overboard from it and swims ashore. It is the entrance of Marcius Del Mar into America. His mission is to obtain information of Kennedy and recover, if possible, the lost torpedo. At the Dodge home he soon wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar. This warning came just in time to prevent Del Mar from carrying out his plans. At last Del Mar succeeds in getting the torpedo, only to have it destroyed by the little old man. Jameson is captured by Del Mar's men while on his way to mail a letter to the U. S. secret service. Elaine rescues him. Lieutenant Woodward and his friend attend a party given at the Dodge home, at which Del Mar is present. Unknowingly Del Mar drops a note which gives Elaine a clue. In her attempt to prevent his cutting the Atlantic cable she is discovered and made a prisoner on the boat, which afterwards is wrecked by Woodward and the old man of mystery. Jameson arrives in a hydro-aeroplane just in time to save Elaine from drowning. Elaine, disguised as a man, discovers the entrance of Del Mar's wireless cave at almost the same time Professor Arnold by a "radio detective" has discovered the wireless station. Elaine's discovery nearly proves fatal; she is saved by Jameson, both aid Professor Arnold and Lieutenant Woodward in destroying the wireless station, but Del Mar escapes. Making his way to a deserted hotel in the woods, he directs the making of a number of gas bombs. Elaine discovers Del Mar's man at work, is captured, but escapes. When the hotel is later attacked the men retreat to the woods, where they explode the gas bombs, nearly causing the death of Lieutenant Woodward and his attacking party.

THIRTY-SECOND EPISODE

THE SEARCHLIGHT GUN.

"I don't understand it," remarked Elaine one day as with Aunt Josephine and myself she was discussing the strange events that had occurred since the disappearance of Kennedy, "but, somehow, it is as if a strange Providence seems to be watching over us."

"Nor do I," I agreed. "It does seem that, although we do not see it, a mysterious power for good is about us. It's uncanny."

"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Marie, coming in with a small parcel which had been delivered by a messenger who did not wait for an answer.

Elaine took it, looked at it, turned it over, and then looked at the written address again.

"It's not the handwriting of anyone which I recognize," she mused. "Now, I suppose I ought to be suspicious of it. Yet, I'm going to open it."

She did so. Inside, the paper wrapping covered a pasteboard box. She opened that. There lay a revolver, which she picked up and turned over. It was a curious looking weapon.

"I never knew so much about firearms as I have learned in the last few weeks," remarked Elaine. "But what do you suppose this is—and who sent it to me—and why?"

She held the gun up. From the barrel stuck out a little rolled-up piece of paper. "See," she cried, reading and handing the paper to me, "there it is again—that mysterious power."

Aunt Josephine read the note:

"Dear Miss Dodge:

"This weapon shoots exactly into the center of the light disk. Keep it by you. A FRIEND."

"Let me see it," I asked, taking the gun. Sure enough, along the barrel was a peculiar tube. "A searchlight gun," I exclaimed, puzzled, though still my suspicions were not entirely at rest. "Suppose it's sighted wrong," I could not help considering. "It might be a plant to save someone from being shot."

"That's easily settled," returned Elaine. "Let's try it."

"Oh, mercy, no—not here," remonstrated Aunt Josephine.

"Why not—down cellar?" persisted Elaine. "It can't hurt anything there."

"I think it would be a good plan. I agreed, "just to make sure that it is all right."

Accordingly we three went down cellar. There Elaine found the light switch and turned it. Eagerly I hunted about for a mark. There, in some rubbish that had not yet been carted away, was a small china plate. I set it up on a small shelf across the room and took the gun. But Elaine playfully wrenched it from my hand.

"No," she insisted, "it was sent to me. Let me try it first."

Reluctantly I consented.

"Switch off the light, Walter, please," she directed, standing a few paces from the plate.

I did so. In the darkness Elaine pointed the gun and pulled the little ratchet. Instantly a spot of light showed on the wall. She moved the revolver and the spot of light moved with it. As it rested on a little decorative figure in the center of the plate she pulled the trigger. The gun exploded with a report, deafening, in the confines of the cellar.

I switched on the light and we ran forward. There was the plate—smashed into a hundred bits. The bullet had struck exactly in the center of the little bull's-eye of light.

"Splendid," cried Elaine enthusiastically as we looked at each other in surprise.

Though none of us guessed it, half an hour before, in the seclusion of his yacht, Woodworth's friend, Professor Arnold, had been standing with the long-barreled gun in his hand, adjusting the tube which ran beneath the barrel.

In one hand he held the gun; in the other a piece of paper. As he brought the paper before the muzzle and pressed a ratchet by gripping the revolver handle, a distinct light appeared on the paper, thrown out from the tube under the barrel.

Having adjusted the tube and sighted it, Arnold wrote a hasty note on another piece of paper and inserted it into the barrel of the gun, with the end sticking out just a bit. Then he wrapped the whole thing up in a box, rang a bell, handed the package to a servant with explicit instructions as to its delivery to the right person, and only that person.

Down in the submarine harbor, Del Mar was in conference with his board of strategy and advice, laying the plans for the attack on America.

"Ever since we have been at work," he remarked, "Elaine Dodge has been busy hindering and frustrating us. That girl must go!"

Before him on the table he placed a square package. "It must stop," he added ominously, tapping the package.

"But how?" asked one of the men. "We've done our best."

"This is a bomb," replied Del Mar, continuing to tap the package. "When our man—let me see, X had better do it—arrives, have him look in the secret cavern by the landing place. There I will leave it. I want him to put it in her house tonight."

He handed the bomb to one of the men, who took it gingerly. Then with a few more words of admonition, he took up his diving helmet and left the headquarters, followed by the man.

Several minutes later, Del Mar, alone, emerged from the water just outside the submarine harbor and took off the helmet.

He made his way into the rocks, carrying the bomb, until he came to a little fissure in the rocks, like a cavern. Then he hid the bomb carefully. Still carrying the helmet, he hurried along until he came to the cave entrance that led to the secret passage to the panel in his bungalow library. Up through the secret passage he went, reaching the panel and opening it by a spring.

In the library Del Mar changed his wet clothes and hid them, then set to work on an accumulation of papers on his desk.

That afternoon Elaine decided to go for a little ride through the country in her runabout.

As she started to leave her room, dressed for the trip, it was as though a premonition of danger came to her. She paused, then turned back and took from the drawer the searchlight gun which had been sent to her. She slipped it into the pocket of her skirt and went out.

Off she drove at a fast clip, thoroughly enjoying the ride until, near a bend in the road, it swept down toward the shore, she stopped and got out, attracted by some wild flowers. They grew in such profusion that it semed no time before she had a bunch of them. On she wandered down the rocks, watching the restless waters of the sound. Finally she found herself walking alone along the shore, one arm full of flowers, while with her free hand she amused herself skimming flat stones over the water.

As she turned to pick up one, her eye caught something in the rocks and she stared at it. There in the crevice, as though it had been hidden, was a strange square package. She reached down and picked it up. What could it be?

While she was examining it back of her, another of those strange behelmeted figures came up out of the water. It watched her for an instant, then sack back into the water again.

Elaine, holding the package in her hand, walked up the shore, oblivious to the strange eye that had been fixed on her.

"I must show this to Lieutenant Woodward," she said to herself.

In the car she placed the package, then jumped in himself carefully, and started off.

A moment later she was gone, the diver reappeared, looking about cautiously. This time the coast was clear and he came all the way out, taking off his helmet and placing it in the secret hiding place which Del Mar and his men used. Then, with another glance, now of anger, in the direction of Elaine, he hurried up the shore.

Meanwhile, as fast as her fast runabout would carry her, Elaine whizzed over to Fort Dale.

As she entered the grounds, the sentry saluted her, though that part of admission was purely perfunctory, for everyone at the fort knew her now.

"Is Lieutenant Woodward in?" she inquired.

"Yes ma'am," returned the sentry. "I will send for him."

A corporal appeared and took a message for her to Woodward. It was only a few minutes before Lieutenant Woodward himself appeared.

"What is the trouble, Miss Dodge?" he asked solicitously, noting the look on her face.

"I don't know what it is," she replied dubiously. "I've found something among the rocks. Perhaps it is a bomb."

Woodward looked at the package, studying it. "Professor Arnold is investigating this affair for us," he remarked. "Perhaps you'd better take the package to him on his yacht. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but just now I'm on duty."

"That's a good idea," she agreed. "Only I'm sorry you can't go along with me."

She started up the car and drove off as Woodward turned back to the fort with a lingering look.

Del Mar was hard at work in the library when, suddenly, he heard a sound at the panel. He reached over and pressed a button on his desk, and the panel opened. Through it came the diver still wearing his dripping suit and carrying the weird helmet under his arm.

"That Dodge girl has crossed us again!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"How?" demanded Del Mar, with an oath.

"I saw her on the rocks just now. She happened to stumble on the bomb which you left there to be placed."

"And then?" demanded Del Mar.

"She took it with her in her car."

"The deuce!" ejaculated the foreign agent furiously. "You must get the men out and hunt the country thoroughly. She must not escape at any cost."

The diving man dove back into the panel to escape Del Mar's wrath, while Del Mar hurried out, leaving his valet in the library.

Quickly Del Mar made his way to a secret hiding place in the hills back of the bay. There he found his picked band of men armed with rifles.

As briefly as he could he told them of what had happened. "We must get her this time—dead or alive," he ordered. "Now scatter about the country. Keep in touch with each other, and when you find her, close in on her at any cost."

The men saluted and left in various directions to scour the country. Del Mar himself picked up a rifle and followed shortly, passing down a secret trail to the road where he had a car with a chauffeur waiting. Still carrying the rifle, he climbed in and the man shot the car along down the road.

On the top of a hill one of the men was posted as a sort of lookout. Gazing over the country carefully, his eye was finally arrested by something at which he stared eagerly. Far away on the road he could see a car in which was a girl alone. Waving in the breeze was a red feather in her hat. He looked more sharply, It was Elaine Dodge.

The man turned and waved a signal with a handkerchief to another man far off. Down the valley another of Del Mar's men was waiting and watching. As soon as he saw the signal, he waved back and ran along the road.

As Del Mar whizzed along he could see one of his men approaching over the road, waving to him. "Stop!" he ordered his driver.

The man hurried forward. "I've got the signal," he panted. They have seen her car over the hill."

"Good," exclaimed Del Mar, pulling a black silk mask over his eyes. "Now get off quickly. We've got to catch her."

They sped away again in a cloud of dust.

But even while Del Mar was speeding toward her, another of his men had discovered her presence, so vigilant were they.

He had been keeping a sharp watch on the road, when he was suddenly all attention. He saw a car, through the foliage. Quickly his rifle went to his shoulder. Through the sight he could just cover Elaine's head, for her hat, with a bright red feather in it, showed plainly just over the bushes.

He aimed carefully and fired.

I had been out for a tramp over the hills with no destination in particular. As I swung along the road, I heard the throbbing of a car coming up the hill, the cutout open. I turned, for cars make walking on country roads somewhat hazardous nowadays.

As I did so, someone in the car waved to me. I looked again. It was Elaine.

"Where are you going?" she called.

"Where are you going?" I returned, laughing.

"I've just had a very queer experience—found something down on the rocks," she replied seriously, pointing to the square package on the floor of the car. "I took it to Lieutenant Woodward and he advised me to take it to Professor Arnold on his yacht. I think it is a bomb. I wish you'd go with me."

Before I could answer, up the hill a rifle shot cracked. There was a whirr in the air and a bullet sang past us, cutting the red feather off Elaine's hat.

"Duck!" I cried, jumping into the car. "And drive like the dickens!"

She turned and we fairly ricocheted down that road back again.

Behind us a man, a stranger whom we did not pause to observe, rushed from the bushes and fired after us again.

Suddenly another rifle shot cracked. It was from another car that had stealthily sneaked up on us—coming fast, recklessly.

"There's her car," pointed one of the occupants to a man who was masked in black. "Yes," he nodded. "Give her a little more gas!"

"Crouch down," I muttered, "as low as you can."

We did so, racing for life, the more powerful motor behind us overhauling us every instant.

We were coming to a very narrow part of the road where it turned, on one side a sheer hill, on the other a stream several feet down.

If we had an accident, I thought, it might be ticklish for us, supposing the square package really to be a bomb. What if it should go off? The idea suggested another, instantly. The car behind was only a few feet off.

As we reached the narrow road by the stream, I rose up. As far as I could back of me, I hurled the infernal machine. It fell. We received a shower of dirt and small stones, but the cover of the car protected us. Where the bomb landed, however, it cut a deep hole in the roadway.

On came Del Mar's car, the driver frantically tugging at the emergency brake. But it was of no use. There was not room to turn aside. The car crashed into the hole, like a gigantic plow.

"Let Me See It," I Asked, Taking the Gun.

It took a header over the side of the road and down several feet into the stream, just as the masked man and the driver jumped far ahead into the water.

Safe now in our car which was slackening its [illegible], I looked back. "[illegible]" I cried. "We're all right."

On the edge of the water, just covered by some wreckage, the chauffeur lay motionless. The masked man crawled from under the wreckage and looked at him a moment.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, still mechanically gripping a rifle in his hand.

Angrily he raised it at us and fired.

A moment later, some other men gathered from all directions about him, each armed.

"Don't mind the wreck," he cried, exasperated. "Fire!"

A volley was delivered at us. But the distance was now apparently too great.

We were just congratulating ourselves on our escape, when a stray shot whizzed past, striking a piece directly out of the head of the steering post, almost under Elaine's hand.

Naturally she lost control, though fortunately we were not going so fast now. Crazily, our car swerved from side to side of the road, as she vainly tried to control both its speed and direction. On the very edge of the ditch, however, it stopped.

We looked back. There we could see a group of men who seemed to spring out of the woods, as if from nowhere, at the sound of the shots. A shout went up at the sight of the bullet taking effect, and they ran forward at us.

One of their number, I could see, masked, who had been in the wrecked car, stumbled forward weakly, until he sank down.

A couple of the others ran to him. "Go on," he must have urged vehemently. "One of you is enough with me. I'm going back to the submarine harbor. The rest—go on—report to me there."

As the rest ran toward us there was nothing for us to do but to abandon the car ourselves and run for it. We left the road and struck into the trackless woods, followed closely now by two of the men who had outdistanced the rest. Through the woods we fled, taking advantage of such shelter as we could find.

"Look, here's a cave," cried Elaine, as we plunged exhausted and about ready to drop, down into a ravine.

We hurried in and the bushes swung over the cave entrance. Inside we stopped short and gazed about. It was dark and gloomy. We looked back. There was no hope there. They had been overtaking us. On down through a passage we went.

The two men who were pursuing us plunged down the ravine also. As ill-luck would have it, they saw the cave entrance and dashed in, then halted. Crouching in the shadow we could see their figures silhouetted in the dim light of the entrance of the cavern. One stopped at the entrance while the other advanced. He was a big fellow and powerfully built, and the other fellow was equally burly. I made up my mind to fight to the last, though I knew it was hopeless. It was dark. It could not even see the man advancing now.

Quickly Elaine reached into her pocket and drew out something.

"Here, Walter, take this," she cried.

I seized the object. It was the searchlight gun.

Hastily I aimed it, the spot of light glowing brightly. Indeed, I doubt whether I could have shot accurately otherwise. As the man approached cautiously down the passageway the bright disk of light danced about until finally it fell full on his breast. I fired. The man fell forward instantly.

Again I fired, this time at the man in the cave entrance. He jumped back, dropping his gun, which exploded harmlessly. His hand was wounded. Quickly he drew back and disappeared among the trees.

We waited in tense silence, and then cautiously looked out of the mouth of the came. No one seemed to be about.

"Come—let's make a dash for it," urged Elaine.

We ran out and hurried down the ravine, apparently not followed.

Back among the trees, however, the man had picked up a rifle which he had hidden. While he was binding up his hand with a handkerchief, he saw us. Painfully he tried to aim his gun. But it was too heavy for his weakened arm and the pain was too great. He had to lower it. With a muttered imprecation, he followed us at a distance.

Evidently, to us, we had eluded the pursuers, for no one seemed now to be following, at least as far as we could determine. We kept on, however, until we came to the water's edge. There, down the bay, we could see Professor Arnold's yacht.

"Let us see Professor Arnold, anyhow," said Elaine, leading the way along the short.

We came at last, without being molested, to a little dock. A sailor was standing beside it and moored to it was a swift motor boat. Out at anchor was the yacht.

"You are Professor Arnold's man?" asked Elaine.

"Yes'm," he replied, remembering her.

"Is the professor out on his boat?" we asked.

He nodded. "Did you want to see him?"

"Very much," answered Elaine.

"I'll take you out," he offered.

We jumped into the motor boat he started the engine and we planed out over the water.

Though we did not see him, the man whom I had wounded was still watching us from the shore, noting every move. He had followed us at a distance across the woods and fields and down along the shore to the dock, had seen us talking to Arnold's man, and get into the boat.

[illegible] shore, he continued to watch us skim across the bay and pull up alongside the yacht. As we climbed the ladder, he hurried back the way he had come.

Elaine and I climbed aboard the yacht where we could see the professor sitting in a wicker deck chair.

"Why, how do you do?" he welcomed us, adjusting his glasses so his eyes seemed, if anything, more opaque than before.

I cold not help thinking that, although he was glad to see us, there was a certain air of restraint about him.

Quickly Elaine related the story of finding the bomb in the rocks and the peculiar events and our escape which followed. Once, at the mention of the searchlight gun, Professor Arnold raised his hands and coughed back of it. I felt sure that it was to hide an involuntary expression of satisfaction and that it must be he who had sent the gun to Elaine.

He was listening attentively to her, while I stood by the rail, now and then looking out over the water. Far away I noted something moving over the surface, like a red, followed by a thin wake of foam.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "What's that?"

Elaine turned to me, as Arnold seized his glasses.

"Why, it seems to be moving directly at us," exclaimed Elaine.

"By George, it's the periscope of a submarine," cried Arnold a moment later, lowering his glasses.

He did not hesitate an instant.

"Get the yacht under way," he ordered the captain, who immediately shouted his orders to the rest.

Quickly the engine started and we plowed ahead, that ominous-looking periscope following.

* * * * * * *

In the submarine harbor to which he had been taken, Del Mar found that he had been pretty badly shaken up by the accident to his car. His clothes were torn and his face and body scratched. No bones were broken, however, though the shock had been great. Several of his men were endeavoring to fix him up in the little submarine office, but he was angry, very angry.

At such a juncture a man in a dripping diving suit entered and pulled off his helmet, after what had evidently been a hasty trip from the land through the entrance and up again into the harbor. As he approached, Del Mar saw that the man's hand was bound up.

"What's the matter?" demanded Del Mar. "How did you get that?"

"That fellow Jameson and the girl did it," he replied, telling what had happened in the cave. "Someone must have given them one of those new searchlight guns."

"Where are they?" he asked.

"I saw them go out to the yacht of that Professor Arnold."

"He's the fellow that gave her the gun," almost hissed Del Mar. "On the yacht, are they?"

An evil smile seemed to spread over his face. "Then we'll get them all, this time. Man the submarine—the Z99."

All left the office on the run, hurrying around the ledge and down into the open hatch of the submarine. Del Mar came along a moment later, giving orders sharply and quickly.

The hatch was closed and the vessel sealed. On all sides were electrical devices and machines to operate the craft and the torpedoes—an intricate system of things which it seemed as if no human mind could possibly understand.

Del Mar threw on a switch. The submarine hummed and trembled. Slowly she sank in the barbor until she was at the level of the underwater entrance through the rocks. Carefully she was guided out through this entrance into the waters of the larger, real harbor.

Del Mar took his place at the periscope, the eye of the submarine. Anxiously he turned it about and bent over the image which it projected.

"There it is," he muttered, picking out Arnold's yacht and changing the course of the submarine so that it was headed directly at it, the planes turned so that they kept the boat just under the surface with only the periscope showing above.

Forward, about the torpedo discharge tubes men were busy testing the doors and getting ready the big automatic torpedoes.

"They must have seen us," muttered Del Mar. "They've started the yacht. But we can beat them, easily. Are you ready?"

"Yes," called back the men forward, pushing a torpedo into the locklike compartment from which it was launched.

"Let it go, then," bellowed Del Mar.

The torpedo shot out into the water, traveling under her own power, straight at the yacht.

Elaine and I looked back. The periscope was much nearer than before. "Can we outdistance the submarine?" I asked of Arnold.

Arnold shook his head, his face grave. On came the thin line of foam. "I'm afraid we'll have to leave the yacht," he said warningly. "My little motor boat is much faster."

Arnold shouted his orders as he led us down the ladder to the motor boat, into which we jumped, followed by as many of the crew as could get in, while the others leaped into the water from the rail of the yacht and struck out for the shore, which was not very distant.

"What's that?" cried Elaine, horrified, pointing back.

The water seemed to be all churned up. A long cigar-shaped affair was slipping along near enough to the surface so that we could just make it out—murderous, deadly, aimed right at the heart of the yacht.

"A torpedo!" exclaimed Arnold. "Cast off!"

We moved off from the yacht as swiftly as the speedy little open motor boat would carry us, not a minute too soon.

The torpedo struck the yacht almost exactly amidships. A huge column of water spurted up into the air as though a gigantic whale were blowing off.

Below in the submarine Del Mar was still at the periscope directing things.

"A hit!" he cried exultingly. "We got the whole bunch this time!"

He turned to the men to congratulate them, a smile on his evil face. But as he looked again he caught sight of our little motor boat skimming safely away on the other side of the wreck.

"The deuce!" he muttered. "Try another. Here's the direction."

Furiously he swore as the men guided the submarine and loaded another torpedo into a tube. As the tube came into position they let the torpedo go. An instant later it was hissing its way at us.

"See, there's another!" I cried, catching sight of it.

All looked. Sure enough, through the water could be seen another of those murderous messengers dashing at us.

Arnold ran forward and seized the wheel himself, swinging the boat around hard to starboard and the land. We turned just in time. The torpedo, brainless but deadly, dashed past us harmlessly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELISHA'S RESTITUTION MINISTRY

2 Kings 4 and 5.—October 17.

Elisha Succeeds Elijah—The Typical Significance of This—Heals the Spring of Water—Pronounces Sentence Against Young Hoodlums—Rewards Widow's Faith—Heals General Naaman's Leprosy.

"I am Jehovah that healeth thee."—Exodus 15:26.

BIBLE students understand Elijah's career to have been typical of the experiences of the Church in the flesh, ending with glorification. Appropriately we might expect that Elisha, upon whom fell Elijah's mantle of power and authority as the Lord's representative, also prefigured a class. Our thought is that he typified two classes: first, those now associated with the Elijah class; and later, after Elisha's recrossing Jordan, those in whose charge will be the dispensation of Restitution blessings during the Millennium. Let us notice a few of his figurative doings.

(1) A certain stream carried brackish water through an otherwise favored district. Elisha took a handful of salt to the head of the brook and there poured it in, commanding in the name of the Lord that henceforth the water should be pure. Looking for a typical significance of this in the Millennium, we remember that water represents Truth, and that brackish water would represent impure doctrines. A purification of the stream at its fountain would well represent what the Lord has promised respecting Messiah's Day. The salt cast into the spring reminds us of the Master's words to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." It will be through the glorified Salt of the Earth that streams of Truth will come for human refreshment for a thousand years.—Zephaniah 3:9; Isaiah 11:9; Habakkuk 2:14.

The Maidservant of Naaman's wife.

(2) As Elisha proceeded on his journey, some young hoodlums accosted him, saying, "Go up, thou bald head!" These were youths—not children, not babies. Elisha turned and denounced their conduct as wrong, and declared that it would have a punishment, translated in our text as curse. Two bears came and wounded them. The forty-two young ruffians all experienced wounds from their conflict with the bears, and this apparently was their punishment for wrong-doing. After some such manner there will be judgments in the world during the Millennium—punishments for every wrong course, rewards for every right deed. Thus, through chastisements, called in the Bible judgments, the world will be taught right and wrong for a thousand years—the world's Judgment Day. —Isaiah 26:9; 2 Peter 3:8.

Oil According to Her Faith.

(3) A poor widow, distressed because of debt, appealed to the Prophet for aid. Except for some olive oil, her resources were exhausted. Elisha directed her to take all her vessels and to borrow others from her neighbors, and then to pour the oil into these until they were filled. Afterwards she could sell the oil, pay her debts and keep the remainder of the money.

This story illustrates the Lord's general principle of dealing. The debt was to be paid. Justice was not to be violated, and any miracle to be performed would be preferably by the blessing of something already possessed. Thus doubtless during the Millennium the Lord will bless what people may have according to their faith in using it in harmony with His will. Our Lord Jesus illustrated this principle in some of His miracles, and made it plain that His miracles foreshadowed His Kingdom work.—John 2:11.

Syrian General Cured of Leprosy.

(4) The Bible seems to refer to leprosy as a type of sin, because it is incurable except by Divine miracle. Naaman, chief commander of the Syrian forces, was a leper. In his family was a little Hebrew housemaid, a captive. Noting her master's plight, she remarked to her mistress that the great Prophet in Israel, Elisha, could cure him. What seemed like idle talk was seized upon by Naaman as a last hope. From the king he obtained a letter of introduction to the king of Israel, requesting that his leprosy be cured.

Naaman's Leprosy Cleansed.

The king of Israel was appalled. He concluded that the Syrian king was seeking a pretext for war. The matter was told to the Prophet Elisha, who immediately sent the king word to send the general to him.

When the general arrived at the Prophet's home, Elisha sent him instructions to wash in the Jordan seven times. Naaman was angry, and declared that Elisha was trifling with him, etc. But his servants suggested that it could do no harm to do as the Prophet had said. He bathed in the Jordan, as directed. The result was a miraculous cure.

Naaman returned to the Prophet's home to thank him and to offer him costly presents. But the Prophet would accept nothing. His powers were not for sale. They were Divine blessings. Naaman confessed that no God but Jehovah could perform such a miracle.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THE COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one, article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section one of article eight, which reads as follows:

"Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

"First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

"Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

"Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

"Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," be amended so that the same shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every citizen, male or female, of twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

First. He or she shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He or she shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he or she shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He or she shall have resided in the election district where he or she shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he or she shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

Fifth. Wherever the words "he," "his," "him," and "himself" occur in any section of article VIII of this Constitution the same shall be construed as if written, respectively, "he or she," "his or her," "him or her," and "himself or herself."

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.
CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amend section eight, article nine of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenues in excess of the interest on said debt or debts, and the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking-fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained," so that it shall read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the consent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which on the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, exceeded seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation. The city of Philadelphia, upon the conditions hereinafter set forth, may increase its indebtedness to the extent of three per centum in excess of seven per centum upon such assessed valuation for the specific purpose of providing for all or any of the following purposes,—to wit: For the construction and improvement of subways, tunnels, railways, elevated railways, and other transit facilities; for the construction and improvement of wharves and docks and for the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of wharves and docks, owned or to be owned by said city. Such increase, however, shall only be made with the assent of the electors thereof at a public election, to be held in such manner as shall be provided by law. In ascertaining the borrowing capacity of said city of Philadelphia, at any time, there shall be excluded from the calculation a credit, where the work resulting from any previous expenditure, for any one or more of the specific purposes hereinabove enumerated shall be yielding to said city an annual current net revenue; the amount of which credit shall be ascertained by capitalizing the annual net revenue during the year immediately preceding the time of such ascertainment. Such capitalization shall be accomplished by ascertaining the principal amount which would yield such annual current net revenue, at the average rate of interest, and sinking-fund charges payable upon the indebtedness incurred by said city for such purposes, up to the time of such ascertainment. The method of determining such amount, so to be excluded or allowed as a credit, may be prescribed by the General Assembly.

In incurring indebtedness, for any one, or more of said purposes of construction, improvement, or reclamation, the city of Philadelphia may issue its obligations maturing not later than fifty years from the date thereof, with provision for a sinking-fund sufficient to retire said obligation at maturity, the payments to such sinking-fund to be in equal or graded annual installments. Such obligations may be in an amount sufficient to provide for and may include the amount of the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing and which may accrue thereon throughout the period of construction and until the expiration of one year after the completion of the work for which said indebtedness shall have been incurred; and said city shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until the expiration of said period of one year after the completion of such work.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.
CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-one of article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amend section twenty-one, article three of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"No act of the General Assembly shall limit the amount to be recovered for injuries resulting in death, or for injuries to persons or property, and in case of death from such injuries, the right of action shall survive, and the General Assembly shall prescribe for whose benefit such actions shall be prosecuted. No act shall prescribe any limitations of time within which suits may be brought against corporations for injuries to persons or property, or for other causes different from those fixed by general laws regulating actions against natural persons, and such acts now existing are avoided," so that it shall read as follows:

The General Assembly may enact laws requiring the payment by employers, or employers and employes jointly, or reasonable compensation for injuries to employes arising in the course of their employment, and for occupational diseases of employes, whether or not such injuries or diseases result in death, and regardless of fault of employer or employe, and fixing the basis of ascertainment of such compensation and the maximum and minimum limits thereof, and providing special or general remedies for the collection thereof; but in no other cases shall the General Assembly limit the amount to be recovered for injuries resulting in death, or for injuries to persons or property, and in case of death from such injuries, the right of action shall survive, and the General Assembly shall prescribe for whose benefit such actions shall be prosecuted. No act shall prescribe any limitations of time within which suits may be brought against corporations for injuries to persons or property, or for other causes, different from those fixed by general laws regulating actions against natural persons, and such acts now existing are avoided.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 3.
CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth in accordance with provisions of the eighteenth (XVIII) article thereof.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth (XVIII) article thereof:—

AMENDMENT.

Laws may be passed providing for a system of registering, transferring, insuring of and guaranteeing land titles by the State, or by the counties thereof, and for settling and determining adverse or other claims to and interest in lands the titles to which are so registered, transferred, insured, and guaranteed; and for the creation and collection of indemnity funds; and for carrying the system and powers hereby provided for into effect by such existing courts as may be designated by the Legislature, and by the establishment of such new courts as may be deemed necessary. In matters arising in and under the operation of such system, judicial powers, with right of appeal, may be conferred by the Legislature upon county recorders and upon other officers by it designated. Such laws may provide for continuing the registering, transferring, insuring, and guaranteeing such titles after the first or original registration has been perfected by the court, and provision may be made for raising the necessary funds for expenses and salaries of officers, which shall be paid out of the treasury of the several counties.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.
CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Gem Superstitions.

It is said that the amethyst used to be worn to promote temperance and sobriety, the chrysolite to ward off fevers, the onyx worn round the neck to prevent epilepsy, the opal to cure weak eyes and the topaz to cure inflammation and keep the wearer from sleep walking.

Making Things Even.

"Here's a young man that predicts that movie shows will eventually bring $5 a seat."

"Well, things have a way of evening up. I suppose then we can listen to grand opera for a nickel."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No Calm Medium.

There is no calm medium in a sixteen-year-old girl's vocabulary. If you are not perfectly grand you are insufferably odious.—American Magazine.

Whatever you see to do that doesn't really concern you, don't do it.

THE WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

Oct. 11, 1914.

German attacks in Caronne region repulsed.

Montenegrins defeated Austrians near Kalenovitch.

Russians swept through Bukol Bukowina.

French fleet sank two Austrian torpedo boats.

German aviators killed three in Paris with bombs.

Russian cruiser Pallada torpedoed and sunk in Baltic.

Oct. 12, 1914.

Germans occupied Ghent.

Belgian government moved to Havre, France.

Russians abandoned siege of Przemysl and retreated from Galicia.

Six more bombs dropped on Paris.

Oct. 13, 1914.

Germans moved on Ostend and Bruges.

Lille, Hazebrouck and Ypres occupied by Germans.

Fierce fighting at Dixmude, Gen. von Kluck trying to turn allies' left wing.

Montenegrins defeated Austrians near Sarajevo.

Detachment of Boers under Col. Maritz rebelled and martial law was proclaimed throughout South Africa.

Oct. 14, 1914.

Belgian army left Ostend and joined allies in the field.

Allies reoccupied Ypres and French gained near the border.

Germans occupied Bruges.

Germans recaptured Lyck, but advance on Warsaw was repulsed by Russians.

Russians in Galicia driven back.

Serbians beaten back in Bosnia.

Oct. 15, 1914.

Germans took Ostend and Blankenberghe on the North sea, and Thielt, Daume and Esschen.

French recaptured Altkirch and Muelhausen.

Col. Brits' force in South Africa captured 80 rebel Boers; Gen. Botha took the field.

British cruiser Yarmouth sunk German liner Markomagnia.

Oct. 16, 1914.

Germans occupied Zeebrugge.

First battle of Ypres began.

Re-enforced allied north wing swung in on Lille and retook Armentieres.

Attempt of Germans to reach Dunkirk checked.

Serbs and Montenegrins defeated Austrians at Glasinatz.

British cruiser Hawke sunk by German submarine.

British and Japanese warships bombarded Tsingtau fort.

WAS A BRILLIANT INVENTION

And Inspired by the Mother of All Such, but It Failed to Work.

Recruiting Officer Spag Etti imperiously entered the laboratory of Pasquale Pasqualli, the inventor.

"Follow me!" he commanded. "You have the honor to be set down in my lists as a decoy, or firing mark. Your duties will be simply to show yourself to the enemy's sharpshooters and occupy their fire while the regular soldiers make a surprise attack."

Pasquali, never a brave man, loosened his collar wildly, and cried, "But no, no, I don't have to fight. I can serve my country much better in another way. I have invented a death-dealing machine the like of which has never seen the like of which!"

The recruiting officer brightened. Was he to have the honor of discovering an inventive genius for his country?

"Explain!" he commanded.

"It is called the Deadly Entangler," said Pasquali. "It is a powerful cannon that shoots thousands of yards of macaroni, which so entangles the enemy that it is then a simple matter to rush up and slay them."

"Follow me!" repeated the recruiting officer inflexibly. — Translated From the Italian.

Save Your Money

and put it in bank. Everyone should have close relations with a well managed institution. You will make no mistake in making us your bankers.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

REMEMBER!

THAT WE SELL

LUMBER

Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences Porches, Pavements. Also

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

— AND —

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

Neponset Wall Board

in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa

Professional Cards.

Harry E. Fenlon,
FIRE INSURANCE.
Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa

A. A. Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in High St. first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.15	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.		
Lv.	Pine Grove Mill	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.01
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.25	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

SEVEN BARKS
a Sure and Safe Remedy for
DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.
Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Here and There.

Mrs. Burns Crider is visiting with relatives at Bethlehem.

Wallace Gephart was a business visitor to Philadelphia last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCoy were visitors to Pittsburgh last Sunday.

Charles Saylor, of Elmira, N. Y., visited here over Sunday with his parents.

Oliver Whitmer, of Altoona, was here over Sunday visiting with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Torsel, of Lock Haven, spent Sunday with home friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gilbert were recent arrivals home from their wedding tour.

Harold Hollabaugh departed on Sunday for Johnstown, where he will be employed.

Mrs. Edward Doll, of Altoona, visited over Saturday and Sunday with friends in Bellefonte.

State College High School defeated the Lock Haven football eleven, 13—0, at Lock Haven last Saturday.

W. P. Gates, of Baileyville, and Harry Eyer, who resides nearby that place, were business visitors in town last Saturday.

Edward Keichline was home from Renove and visited over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Keichline.

Mrs. W. H. Sholl, who had been visiting with Bellefonte friends, returned last Saturday to her home in Hornell, New York.

Miss Gertrude Crawford, clerk in Doll's bakery, is spending a well earned vacation with friends in Pittsburgh and Beaver Falls.

S. G. Tressler is helping as assistant clerk in the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office during the temporary absence of W. E. Burkholder.

Rev. R. C. Betts, of Latrobe, will occupy the pulpit in the Bellefonte Presbyterian church on Sunday, next, both morning and evening.

Samuel Eisen, clerk in Lyon & Co.'s store, departed last Saturday for his home in New York to recuperate from his recent operation for appendicitis.

Arthur Confer, well known in Bellefonte, departed last Saturday for North Tonawanda, N. Y., where he is employed in the office of the American Express Co.

Lloyd Wilson, an expert telegrapher and former Bellefonte boy, has been spending some time in town. He is handling the telegraph key in receiving the world's seires baseball scores at State College.

Mrs. John Harrison, of Bishop Street, returned home last Thursday night from Wilkinsburg, where she had been with her daughter, Mrs. Harold Beck, for several months. Mrs. Beck has been ill for some time but now is greatly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Burkholder are away for two weeks, visiting with friends in Lewistown and New York. Mr. Burkholder is one of the capable and obliging staff at the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office and is enjoying his annual vacation.

The Y. M. C. A. basketball team will open the season on October 22d with a game on the local floor, a picked team from State College being scheduled for that date. Games have been arranged with the Tyrone Y. M. C. A team and Hollidaysburg.

Mrs. Sidney Kiefer has purchased the W. A. Ishler property, on Bishop Street, and with her mother, Mrs. Blackford, will occupy the same. William Smith and family will move from the Ishler property to the Joseph property, near the Academy, in which Mrs. Kiefer and her mother have been residing.

The Indian Reserves—Academy football game this Saturday, Oct. 16th, at 2.30 sharp. Admission 50 cents, due to the big guarantee demanded. One more home game left on Nov. 20. Football fans get busy. Go and encourage the home team. But one game after that on Saturday on the home grounds.

Peter Mendis and five children departed Tuesday morning for their new home in Florida. They will go by easy stages in their new Ford car. Mrs. Mendis and the other children will make the trip by train several weeks later. Mr. Mendis has purchased a large fruit and vegetable farm in Florida and there they expect to make their future home.

Mrs. Ogden Malin was an arrival home on Friday of last week.

C. C. Shuey was an arrival home yesterday from Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Elizabeth Potter has as a guest Mrs. Foot, of Washington, D. C.

Charles Oberlin, of Williamsport, spent Sunday in town with friends.

G. Murry Andrews was an arrival home last Saturday from Nova Scotia.

Lauderbach-Barber Co. last week disposed of two car loads of peaches in two days.

Miss Freida Bailey, of Centre Hall, is a guest at the home of Register Frank Smith.

Mrs. McClain, of Canton, Ohio, is visiting here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry P. Harris.

Miss Hattie Lambert and her mother, of Pitcairn, are visiting with relatives at and nearby Pleasant Gap.

Miss Dorothy R. Jenkins, of Tyrone, visited here over Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Katherine Jenkins.

Mrs. Claude Cook and daughter, Miss Grace, have been spending several days this week in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Calvin Faust, who had been visiting with Bellefonte friends, returned this week to her home in Bellwood.

Miss Dorothy Bible, who departed last Thursday for Chicago, will be engaged with a concert company in that city.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton recently underwent a minor operation for an infected finger at the Bellefonte hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Thompson will depart on Monday next for California, planning to attend the Panama Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armour, of Hartford, Conn., are visiting in town as guests of the former's father, Monroe Armour.

Mrs. Jane Tate on Monday, October 11th, celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday anniversary, many of her friends kindly remembering her on the notable occasion.

Prof. and Mrs. E. K. Hibshman, of State College, will leave tomorrow for San Fracnisco th attend the Panama Exposition.

Frank Crissman, of Snow Shoe, was an arrival here last Friday and visited over Sunday with his father, W. Homer Crissman.

Miss Mary Ray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S D Ray, departed on Wednesday for Greensboro, North Carolina, to visit with her sister, Mrs. Smith.

The Ladies of the United Brethren church will hold a chicken and waffle supper in the basement of the church Thursday, October 21st. Price 25cts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Snyder are visiting in New York, having gone there last Sunday. Mr. Snyder is one of the efficient clerical force at the Pennsylvania Railroad freight station.

Mrs. Patsy Stewart and grand-daughter, Miss Margaret Stewart, departed last Saturday for Huntingdon, Pa., and Morrow Mills, Maryland, the latter place being Mrs. Stewart's old home.

Rally Day services will be held in St. John's Reformed church next Sunday. The Sunday school rally will be held at 9.30 a. m. sharp. A special program, music and a pennant contest between the boys and girls. Morning church service at 10.30.

George E. Lentz, conductor on the Lewisburg branch, was third prize winner in the popularity contest conducted by the Philadelphia "Press" and which closed last Saturday night. First and second prizes, both, went to Renovo railroad men.

William Brachbill, Lew McQuistion and Jacob Barlett returned home several days ago from their bass fishing trip to Bentonville, Virginia. They report a small catch, the water being in anything but good condition. Reports from Pine Creek, above Jersey Shore, are that the water is in great shape and lots of bass being caught daily.

There will be a regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the president, Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads, on West Linn Street. A full attendance is earnestly desired. The meeting will be of a social character. Members will hear reports from their delegates to the recent State convention.

Bellefonte High School defeated Yeagertown, 22—0, on the local grounds last Saturday afternoon. The visiting team was outclassed, the local boys showing superior team-work and all-around playing. Earlier in the week a picked team played the High School as a practice game and the latter won by something like 17—0.

The Penn State football eleven defeated the University of Penna. eleven at Philadelphia last Saturday, 13—3. The game was witnessed by a crowd of 15,000 people. The University enthusiasts seemed quite astonished when Penn State scored a touchdown, and their astonishment turned to amazement when a second touchdown was made a few minutes later. Berryman, for Penn State, made the first score on a run half the length of the field. The second touchdown for the Blue and White was made possible by a beautifully executed long forward pass. The University got its 3 points on a goal from the field. The Penn State eleven arrived home on Sunday morning and on Monday night the students and team joyously celebrated the big victory.

Mr. Smith and family, of Altoona, are guests at the Jacob Barlett home.

Clair Seibert, of Johnstown, is enjoying a brief visit here with his parents.

Charley Larimer, of Johnstown, was a visitor with home friends here over Sunday.

Mrs. John McCoy and Mrs. John Van Pelt were visitors to Pittsburgh on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. David Dale and little daughter Anna motored to Gettysburg on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison spent several days the past week with friends in Williamsport.

Mrs. George Simmons, of Altoona, spent Sunday here with her sister, Mrs. Charles Harrison.

Mrs. Edward P. Irvin will leave on Monday, next, for Washington, D. C., where she will visit for a time with her brother.

Don't miss The Little Miss Princess Co. in musical comedy at Garman's Opera House tonight, Friday night and Saturday night.

Miss Helen Melon returned on Tuesday to her home in Corning, N. Y., after visiting here the past month with the Misses Noonan.

Mrs. VanDyke and daughter, Mary, will leave on Saturday to remain with Mr. VanDyke for a part of the winter near Harrisburg.

Joseph Ceader was among the Penn State boosters at Saturday's football game with the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

Mrs. Caroline Furst and Mrs. John Curtin, with the latter's two sons, were arrivals home Tuesday night from their motor trip to Gettysburg.

Monday night marked the opening meeting for the Harmonic Club for the winter, the meeting place being at the home of Miss Fitzgerald.

Appointments made at the annual A. M. E. church conference at Pittsburgh, which closed on Monday, included that of Rev. L. V. Jones, for the Bellefonte church.

Mrs. Thomas Moore, of Philadelphia, and daughter, Mrs. Walter Dahl, of Minneapolis, were arrivals in town yesterday and will visit here for a time with friends.

Mrs. William Cadwallader, of Pittsburgh, was an arrival here on Wednesday to visit with Mrs. E. H. B. Callaway. Mr. Cadwallader will join Mrs. Cadwallader here on Saturday.

Miss Mary Simpson and Mrs. George Strong, of Lock Haven, took advantage of the new motor bus line and came to Bellefonte last Friday to visit with friends here for a few hours.

John P. Harris had the misfortune to fall one day last week and slightly injured his left side. While the mishap inconvenienced him for a few days, he is back at his desk, as usual, at the Bellefonte Trust Co.

The dance held on Tuesday evening by the Knights of Columbus was a social and financial success. The proceeds will be devoted to the church building, known as "St. Mary's", at State College. Rev. Father O'Hanlon motored down from State College for the occasion and was accompanied by twenty-five students.

Teachers for the Junior Chautuqua are now in Bellefonte and participated in a meeting of parents and others interested in the success of the movement to have a series of seven instruction classes during the coming winter. It is proposed having the teachers continue instruction for the children in folk songs, dancing, games, etc. The expense involved will be something like $55 and the managers respectfully appeal to citizens for contributions which should be turned over to either Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell or Mrs. John S. Walker, president and treasurer, respectively, of the Woman's Club.

Bellefonte Academy won a notable victory over the University of Pittsburgh freshman football eleven, at Pittsburg last Saturday, winning by a score of 7—0. It was the Academy's first game with the Pitt freshman team and naturally there was more or less uncertainty as to the outcome. The Academy managed to get away with a touchdown and also kicked the goal. The local eleven arrived home Sunday evening. Next Saturday afternoon, at new Hughes Field, the Academy will play the Carlisle Indian freshman eleven and an interesting skirmish is looked for. A few days ago the Indian freshman team defeated the strong Mercersburg Academy eleven and this victory naturally has filled the Indians with confidence, so that they are coming to Bellefonte next Saturday expecting to win. Last year, it will be recalled, the Academy got the lead on the Indians early in the game and the visitors really never quite regained their nerve, the result being a comparatively easy victory for the Bellefonte team. This year, however, the Indian eleven expects to turn the tables, and in all likelihood Saturday's game will be a hummer. Be on hand promptly at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Ralph Illingworth Dead.

Mrs. Marian Snyder Illingworth wife of Rev. Ralph W. Illingworth, former secretary of the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. of Tyrone, died from typhoid pneumonia at her home in Pine Grove last Saturday. Recently Rev. Illingworth accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Burnham, and was to have been officially installed in the clerical duties of his new pastorate last Wednesday, but business affairs prevented. Mrs. Illingworth became ill on Thursday while at Tyrone and was hurried by automobile to her home near State College, where typhoid pneumonia developed, and from this dread disease her untimely death occurred. The deceased was a resident of Tyrone for a number of years and was much beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was a devoted and loving wife and mother. Her maiden name was Marian Snyder and she was born and reared near State College, at the place from which death so suddenly called her. Her father preceded her to the grave just a few months ago. Mrs. Illingworth was an only daughter. Surviving to mourn an early death are her husband, her mother and these children: Henry, Ralph and Miss Ruth.

Students Disappointed.

Two dozen Penn State College students are considerably disappointed over their failure to have themselves shipped by express as livestock to Boston in order to cut down the expense of attending this year's Penn State-Harvard football game. The boys had been reading in the city newspapers of how University of Pittsburgh students had solved the problem of the high cost of traveling a great distance to attend football games, and they hit upon the scheme of hiring a horse car and shipping themselves by express as livestock from Bellefonte. They planned leaving here on October 28th, and arriving in Boston in ample time for the football game between Penn State and Harvard on the 30th.

The students entered into the proposition fully appreciating that they would have to sleep as best they could on a bed of straw, but the difference in the cost of transportation appealed to their pocketbooks and they were willing to undertake the venture. Express Agent Harry Taylor, of the local Adams office, was communicated with and the plan explained to him. He very obligingly tried to help the boys as best he could and accordingly submitted the matter to his superiors. Sad to relate, the word came back that there could be "nothing doing." The Adams Express Co. classifications specifically exclude shipment of men, women or children, who are alive as express matter.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For burns, scalds cuts and emergencies. All druggists sell it. 25c and 50c.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he a senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

Thanks, Postman—the Regular ÆTNA Check

CAN'T beat that service. Almost pays to break a leg, doesn't it? This $200 covers the $50 a week for total disability provided for in my ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY. When I am only partly disabled I will get $25 a week. Surgeon's fee or hospital bill, too. You postmen ought to

ÆTNA-IZE

You can easily afford it. In fact, you cannot afford not to. Out on the streets all day long, you're constantly exposed to a thousand forms of accident. Make life pretty comfy if something happened to you and one of the boys brought you a check as regularly as you bring mine to me.

A word, and the ÆTNA Agent will tell you how to connect up with absolute protection. My Agent is

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND
Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder
No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by
G. S. CLEMENTS
Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

AWNINGS
Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.
Bellefonte Pa.
COMMERCIAL PHONE

UPHOLSTERING
OR IF YOU HAVE
SLIP COVERS
TO MAKE

If you want it done right
Chamberlain Can do it.
If Chamberlain does it it will be done right.
F. W. Chamberlain
MILESBURG - - PA

FOR BARGAIN WEEK
October 15th. to 23rd.

We will offer the following specials:

$7.50 and $6.00 men's pure wool Mackinaws at $4.90

$6 00 and $5.00 Boys' Mackinaws at $3.90.

5 pairs of ladies Duffman stockings, the usual 25c kind, for $1.00

10 per cent reduction on all Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

Montgomery & Co.